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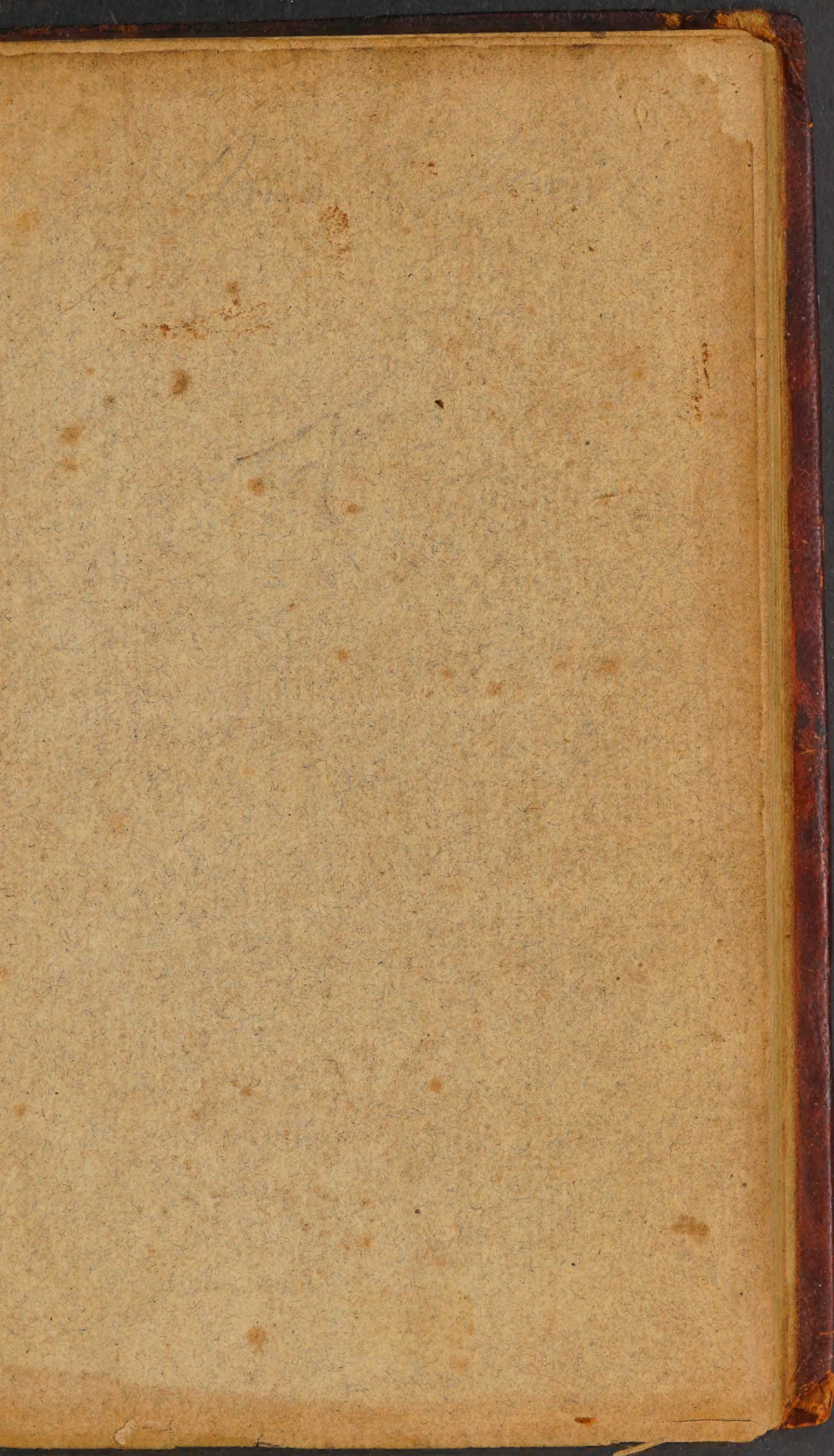
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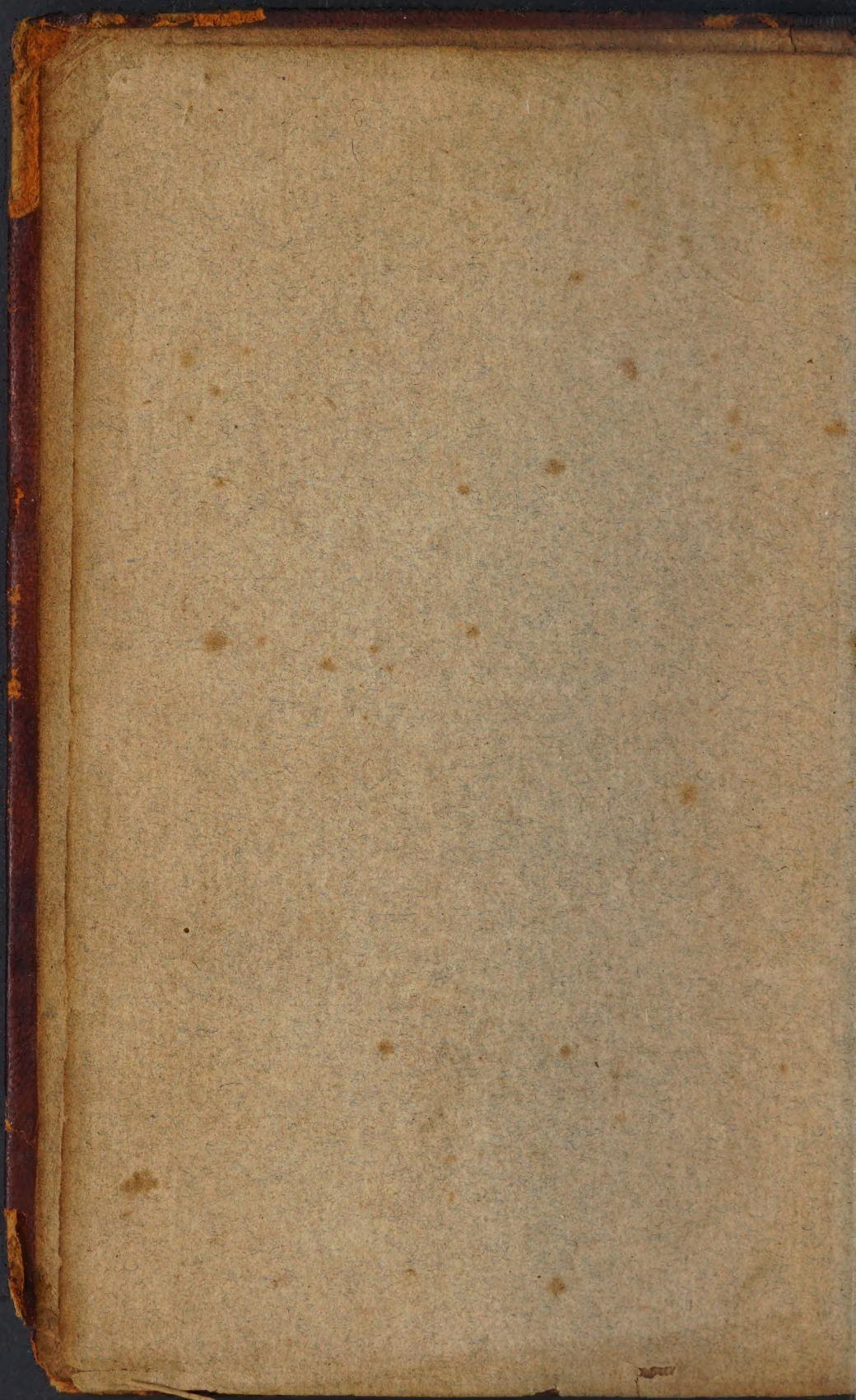
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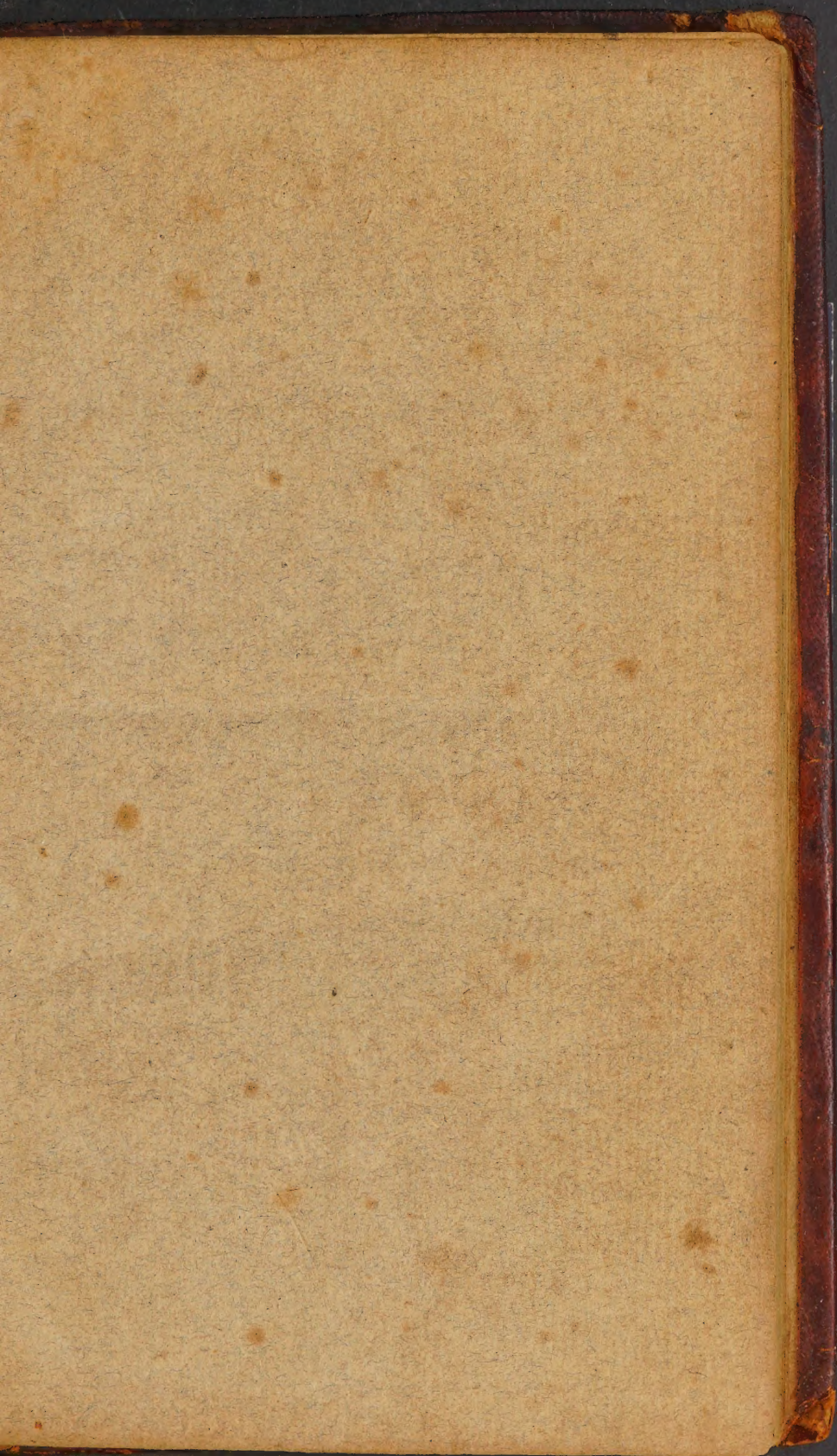














[Cunningham, John W.]



A  
WORLD  
WITHOUT  
SOULS.

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....." *Dat inania verba,  
Dat Sine Mente sonum.*" VIRG.

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4th AMERICAN, FROM THE 2d LONDON EDITION.

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1810.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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“THIS is the production of no ordinary mind. The Title, intentionally enigmatical, at first suggested the idea of an attack upon the system of Materialism; but we were soon undeceived. The public will here find a keen, pointed satire upon the conduct of the great majority of mankind, who live as if they were without souls.”

*London Evangelical Magazine.*





## DEDICATION

TO A

## WORLD WITH SOULS.

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IT is peculiar to Columbus and to me to make the old world acquainted with a new one. But it is not only thus generally that we resemble each other. Some persons who perhaps thought that the hemisphere in which they themselves lived, must of necessity be the best of all possible hemispheres ; or who imagined it of little use to have discovered a world, if it was not a strange world ; or who suspected that the heroism of their countrymen in America might by vulgar moralists be mistaken for murder—endeavoured to prove that the *Americans had no souls*. Now what was charged upon his world, is true of that to which I introduce you. *They are without souls*.

It may be thought that the history of Columbus might have rendered me more cautious in making known my discoveries. The irons, in which you gratefully permitted him to moralize on the benefits of enriching and improving mankind, are doubtless kept warm and polished, by the Inquisition, for those who shall be weak enough to do as he has done. My crime, indeed, would seem to be of still deeper dye than his. He attempted to make you rich ; my effort is to make you good. But it is on this very difference

I rest my safety. For, wise as you are, you are somewhat inconsistent ; and that caprice which has led you to imprison him for giving you those riches which you prize above every thing, may induce you to reward me for bestowing that instruction which, above every thing, you detest. If, however, my perils were greater than they are, I should not hesitate to meet them. Being a man, all that is human is dear to me ; and I must not hesitate to plunge into the gulf, if I can bury the vices of my country with myself.

Let me entreat, however, that nothing I have said may lead you, for a moment, to confound the discoveries of Columbus with mine. It might have been well if, instead of the gold of the Western Continent, Europe had imported some of her savage virtues ; which, to say the least, might have been brought away with as little trouble as her ore. These would have been improved by an European mint, and might, by their sterling weight, have displaced our baser metal from the circulation. But my world affords no such model. They have not the virtues even of barbarians. Their vices are, indeed, refined ; but this polish, by making vice less ugly, makes it more pernicious. I leave you, therefore, with this request—that, as a *world with souls*, you will make a *world without souls* your negative example ; by neglecting every thing which it does, and doing every thing which it neglects.

A friend to yourself, but an enemy to your vices.

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.



## WORLD WITHOUT SOULS.

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### CHAPTER I.

“WHENCE it is plain that these men *have no souls.*’,—“Incredible!” said Gustavus, as he read the sentence—“the Spaniard dotes.”—“By no means incredible,” said M. who read the sentence with him.

These two remarks were made beneath the shade of an oak, which frowned over one of the wildest rocks of St. Foy. Gustavus was seventeen; his friend was sixty.—They were the inhabitants of a cottage, for whose foundation its builders had, as it were, wrenched a spot of ground from nature. A little level had been planed in the stubborn surface, and their two rooms rested upon the mountain, like the nest of some bird upon the bosom of the woods.

M. had brought his young companion to Switzerland when an infant, and they had never quitted it. Gustavus had lost his parents before he could learn how a parent should be valued. There was therefore an easy translation of his affection to the person of M. whom he loved as the heart will love, which has but few objects. For M. also, habit had done the work of nature; and this son of his adoption occupied that place in

his bosom which his own had left empty by an early flight to heaven. A simple but a solemn compact, seemed to have taken place between them—"I will be to thee a parent—I will be to thee a child."

I ought to paint the couple whom I have introduced upon the scene ; and, that I may proceed according to rule, will throw in the stronger colours upon the foreground of my picture. I have written how many suns had circled round the head of M. : some of them had wrinkled him as they passed. Le Brun would have said, "He is a man familiar with sorrows." If, however, he had ever tossed in a sea of troubles, it was evident that the storm was gone by, and there was only heard that faint rushing of the winds, with which they hush themselves to rest. Piety and peace had met together in his bosom ; and, like the fabulous twins of other days, this union had spread a calm upon the waters. His manner, perhaps, had suffered more than his countenance ; it was absent, and sometimes abrupt. His conversation was rather surrendered than bestowed ; but it was a generous and entire surrender, when the demand was made. If his sayings had a flavour of salt in them, they had no bitterness. Wit, and what our neighbours called *méchanceté*, (would that we wanted the thing as well as the name!) had no other distinction. Like most men, he had peculiarities. But in this he differed from others : for what are called the peculiarities of one man of the world, resemble those of another ; they are the varieties of vices which all possess. M's, on the contrary, wear almost exclusively his own : for they were the excess of such virtues as are the property of few. He did not put



them on as a mask, but wore them as the face which nature had stamped upon him, and which his mode of life had perpetuated. He valued knowledge, but he sought it in unusual channels. He loved virtue, but he pursued it by questionable courses; questionable, not because they were crooked, but because they were eccentric. In the opinion of the world, his sentiments upon religion would have been esteemed peculiar; his charities would have been called extravagance, and his piety enthusiasm—but he lived out of the world. The little village of St. Foy also discovered his peculiarities; but in shapes which it could not but love. Heaven is never harsh, and it at least forgave them.

There is another portrait yet to be sketched, but it is easily done. At the age of Gustavus, faces and character have much the same features. Is the mind then the sheet of white paper which philosophers have called it? No; for if as susceptible, it is by no means as pure. But as in our way to manhood, the body universally becomes a prey to a certain series of known evils, so the same diseases early discover themselves in the human heart;—circumstances modify these, and like a mirror of many sides, supply vice with all her varieties. Youth has its virtues too; but I need not mention them. The pride of human nature has a hundred voices, and has done little with them but blazon her own excellencies. M. knew the heart of man, for he had studied it in his own, and, under a sense of superior agency, had consecrated all his skill to the cultivation of that of Gustavus. It is true, indeed, that our first years seldom supply that sober ear which the lesson of religion demand: but then every

avenue to the heart is open; and what ever spirit is introduced into the system, usually lives, though latent, and animates the frame forever. Early piety may sometimes languish, but then it is but for a season; as M. would illustrate it—"rivers sometimes suddenly disappear, but as often rise again in some distant spot, with brighter waves and increased rapidity." He added, "I have seldom seen the grey hairs of religion silver the head which was not *early* taught of Heaven." The method, however, of M. was, as we have said, too extraordinary to be praised even in the event of its success. Nothing, in fact, very remarkable appeared in the character of his pupil: nature, indeed, had endowed him with a kind of naïveté: the scenes in which he had lived had thrown a colouring of romance over his sentiments: his principles were those of M. and he had gained something of his solidity. He thought the world happy, for he was happy himself; and virtuous, because he had considered its situation rather than its character. He was credulous, because he was inexperienced. His good and evil qualities, in short, were the growth of St. Foy: and though the flowers of the desert may be the most secure, they are seldom the most brilliant.

Gustavus had read to the line which we quoted, in a Spanish author of the sixteenth century. I shall be expected to say something of the object of this writer, and the plan by which he pursued it. As to the first, he was an apologist for the crimes of his countrymen in America; and as the being a patriot, ever, in the judgement of the world, supersedes the necessity of being a Christian, no one deserves better of his country. It was indeed of importance to justify, in the eyes



of other nations, and other religions, men who had immolated multitudes upon the alters of imaginary saints, and who had cut the throats of their converts, as a probable method of preventing their apostasy. The plan of his apology was not at all unworthy the end which the good Jesuit had in view. The conduct of one of our English ministers—men who, to do their business well, should be born Jesuits—may serve to illustrate it. The minister wished to have his name enrolled amidst the society of antiquaries. Now the pillar of Pompey is the “great image” which this society idolatrize; and he who could ascertain its age or its use would be more esteemed than even the skeleton of Pompey himself.—Our ambassador therefore privately deposited beneath the pillar some coins almost warm from a mint, and then digging them up, displayed them to the eyes of cheated and gaping academicians as antiques. The Spanish ecclesiastic had probably studied in the same school. He first imputed to the Americans, acts of stupidity which nothing that had a soul could have committed, and which the Americans never did commit; and then, as a consequence of this stupidity, denied they *could have souls*.

The common sense of Gustavus had forced from him the exclamation we have read, and the excentricity of M. the declaration which followed. M. as we have said, loved experiments, and he had determined to shew his pupil the world through a singular medium. As objects reversed in the *camera obscura* meet the eye in their right position, and with greater distinctness, he had conceived a scheme of so inverting the world in the eyes of Gustavus, as to take a like mechanical

advantage of society. "One would think it almost impossible," he reasoned, "that any thing which had a soul could live as the world do. The inexperience of Gustavus may lead him to deem it quite impossible, and he will accordingly conclude the world without souls. His next conclusion will be, that he who has a soul must not be as those who have none—his fear then will be to resemble the world—and his pride to live above it." The points were made out. M. sighed to think, that to make Gustavus what he should be, he must make him unlike his fellows; but as he was no longer an old man when he had a new and favourite project to execute, he rushed upon it at once. "It is by no means incredible then," said he, "that this people have no souls—the Spaniard is not alone in his opinions. *Mahomet* knew the world, perhaps, better than any uninspired person, and he declares that *women have no souls*. *Monboddo*, the first of philosophers, in a country where every man would be thought a philosopher, and who says he knew the world, seems to think that *men are only monkies who have rubbed away their tails*. A grave Spanish writer has made this theory more probable, by actually proving that the *Jews had once tails*. Why then should the Americans have souls?" Gustavus was unaccustomed to contend, and was therefore silent. "But this is not all," continued M.; "there is nothing so profound as a German metaphysician; and to a man, they doubt, as do their readers, whether *even a metaphysician has a soul*. The French Encyclopediasts—the editors of seventy gigantic volumes—the authors of a more gigantic revolution, assert the same thing; and their disciples, the actors of a revolu-



tion, have proved it. But you shall convince yourself—experience is the prince of pedagogues I will carry you to a *city* where they *have no souls*.

“What is the soul?” said Gustavus.

“Nay, I must submit, if you always require me to define.”

“I do what Socrates did before me.”

“You do, and, like him, are generally in danger of wanting an answer.”

“But is this a question of any difficulty?”

“Yes; for our words are the signs of things material, and with difficulty define any other. A follower of Aristotle attempted to reply to this very question. His master sometimes thought the soul *immaterial*, and therefore called it *äulos*, (a-ulos) by which this quality is signified. Dots are nothing to Dominicans, and he read it *aulos*, which means a *pipe*. The consequence of this error was, that, in a public exercise, he brought fourteen arguments to prove *the soul a whistle!* But as a royal author says, ‘*les sottises des peres sont perdues pour leur enfans* ;’—every man must have his own. Undeterred, therefore, by his failure, I will venture to say thus much of the soul : *it is that property in man which distinguishes him from the brutes, and likens him to God*. I will add, (which is of more importance) that this resemblance and this distinction both consits in virtue.”

“The resemblance evidently; but there are surely other lines of distinction?”

“If they are lines, they are mathematical lines, without any properties but those which mathematicians assign them. Some *powers* of animals are as strong; some *instincts* are stronger. The *dog* of Ulysses remembered his master when his

family forgot him. The *ants* of Flanders were more *provident* than the great Marlborough. He found himself (says one of his annalists) on the plains of Ghent, without a grain of corn to subsist his army; but supplied them, for some days, upon that which the ants had laid up for their winter's carousals."

"My lines of distinction, I see, are points."

"And your points are air. All distinction but virtue is a very breath. To be happy, may, indeed, in a sense, be the endeavour, and is sometimes the lot of animals: to be good, is the privilege of man alone; and it is his duty;—he who wants the privilege, or neglects the duty, may be the monkey of Monboddoo—only inferior to a monkey in that he wants a tail.—But, my Gustavus, in my turn, I must ask you some questions. According to our argument, if a man has a soul, must he not, in all reason, seek to be distinguished from the brutes?"

"Yes."

"Must he not endeavour to resemble God?"

"Yes."

"Are not his obligations to these endeavours so imperious, that if we find a being, though in the shape of man, who disdains them himself, and laughs at them in others, we may conclude he has *no soul*?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then Mahomet has well taught that at least many *women* are much the same as mermaids;—there are myriads of *mutilated monkies*;—and the *Spaniard*, for *America*, should have written the *World*. We will sail for the great city of O. in a week."



Before I embark with my readers upon this singular expedition, I must break a lance with them. They may tell me, that "it is improbable that M. would employ such arguments, and still more improbable that Gustavus should be convinced by them." To this charge I answer—that I never took up the gauntlet in the cause of M. I have called his plans "*questionable*;" and this one has proved their title to the epithet, by forcing him to play the sophist in the prosecution of it.—As to Gustavus—though somewhat staggered by the conclusion at which they had arrived, he could not venture to doubt it, whilst he thought he had seen and handled every link in the chain of their argument. My reader should also remember, that to his eyes, M. was clothed in a kind of papal infallibility, which shielded his opinions almost from examination. But more than this.—It is an unusually bad mind to which suspicion is *natural*—or which looks for a snare before it has ever fallen into one. For my own part, I place little confidence in the man who never was deceived; and I ever give that mind credit for the greatest familiarity with truth, which least questions the veracity of another.—He therefore who thinks with me, will acknowledge that credulity is *that* weakness which lingers the longest amidst the virtues; and, in such a case as that of Gustavus, if he admire him the less for it, will yet perhaps love him the more.

## CHAPTER II.

.....

SHAKESPEARE, although he violates every one of the unities by sacrificing Aristotle to common sense, and although he forsakes the models of Greece in his veneration for those of nature, is yet a philosopher and a poet. He says,

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
“And the first motion, all the interim is  
“Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.”

Gustavus could attest the truth of this, for he was to travel, and he was in love. “It is hard,” he almost murmured “to leave one who has a soul, for those who have none.” But is it those who are left that are the greatest sufferers. In the balance of the affections all is loss to them; whilst those who travel, if they lose in one scale, by shifting scenes and new connections, gain a something in the other. “If they have no souls, my Emily, at least their hearts cannot be worth the having.” “But they say,” she replied, “that you forget the heart in your idolatry to the body.” Emily was the daughter of a Madame de N. a widow, and an inhabitant of an adjoining valley, who from a different cause than that which had driven M. to St. Foy, had lived there half as many years as he. Switzerland, till ruffian feet had penetrated her recesses, was an alter round which the unfortunate might cling; it was a city of refuge to any thing but guilt.



These two little families were much united, for they had the "bond which no man breaketh," the bond of common principles. M. was used to say, "we want no other chain of affection than the knowledge that we are Christians; as such, we must weep and we may rejoice together, for we have been wrecked by the same storm, and are rescued by the same redeemer." It was reasoning only fit for St. Foy, but her vallies seemed to *clap their hands* when they heard it.

It was upon the eve of their departure that M. and his young friend walked for the last time to the cottage of Madame de N. She had been long familiar with the method of education which M. had adopted. This last scheme was more extraordinary than the rest, and she had reasons of the heart and head for venturing to condemn it. But M.'s principles so tempered his singularities, and the good in his object so completely swallowed up all that was ill in the execution of his plans, that she was obliged to submit. "His ignorance," said M. "so favours the deceit, and O. is so fair a theatre for it, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of forcing him to acknowledge how ill the situation and the conduct of mankind accord."—"He might," she said, "learn it from himself." "Our own faults," said M. "are the last which make our preceptors."—"He shall learn it from *me*," said Madam de N. "*Mahomet* did not know this *woman*," thought M.

The dialogue of the younger couple may be conceived. Such sayings are like the wines of the south, delicious in their proper soil, but they will not bear transporting. "I will write to my Emily whether this people have souls."—"May Heaven," she answered "take the charge of your own!"

They travelled slowly, for the sons of these valleys are the foes of activity; and as they were not Englishmen, they did not feel themselves obliged to move as though they were running the race of the world. Jockies at home, this people are Jockies every where. Their neighbours indeed give another account of the celerity with which they rush through the orbit of Europe: "C'est un peuple philosophique."—which means (for these sayings in France are proxy for a world of worlds) they are of the Peripatetic school, and conceive motion essential to thought: or, "C'est un peuple hypocondriaque;" they are des malades imaginaires, who conceive every country but their own to be the scene of some epidemic. The fact is, that the same prejudices which make travelling more essential to them than to any other nation, by haunting them as they move, make it also more unprofitable.

"There are few men," says a French author, "who know how to take a walk:" if this be true, it will be scarcely disputed that there are still fewer who know how to make a journey. St. Foy, however, was a school in which such a lesson could not fail to be learnt, and M. had studied every page in the great volume of the universe by the bright lamp of the southern skies. This had rendered him a very alchymist in nature. He found

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,  
"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

"There is something sweet in the hour of prime," he said, as they once met the ascending day, "which gives me another being. It seems like a new creation, and I almost expect to hear



the morning stars again 'shout together for joy.' The people of O. sleep long after the sun has quitted his eastern chamber."

"They have *no souls*," said G.

"I am not surprised," continued M. "that as the unlightened nations see the orbs of heaven rolling in brightness, they are tempted to adore them. It is said that some of the tribes of America worship the sun as the image of God."

"The *Spaniard*," said G. "must be *mistaken*."

He lifted his eye to the Alps, which towered around him. A better philosophy could alone rescue us from the persuasion that they are the pillars on which the heavens are propped. "When one observes the immensity of their bases," he said, "and the abruptness with which they terminate, we cannot but imagine that their heads soar far beyond the clouds in which we lose them." "They do," replied M. "and in this they shadow out the true religion. Her base is as gigantic, and we should wonder if her summit were not wrapped in mysteries, which nothing but the eye of Heaven could penetrate."

Gustavus exclaimed, "Such must be the *religion of souls*."

There was a pause, for there is something in moments such as these which disposes the mind to silence. But then again, the result of this is sometimes in abundance of the heart, out of which the mouth will speak. "How much do I owe you," said Gustavus, "that you have taught me to enjoy moments such as these: and, what is more, to improve them! If ever my mind is as it should be, it is at such seasons as these."

"I will repeat you some verses," said M. "which say the same thing. They have been

written on a *winter's morning*, when those who love the day are almost impatient of the slow steps by which it advances.

Sunk is that orb in endless sleep,  
Which us'd to meet our opening eyes ;  
And angry nature bids us weep  
A polar night in southern skies.

Eye of the heavens ! perhaps thy sight  
Has sicken'd at a world of crime ;  
And, wrapp'd o'er us the pall of night,  
Thy rays will light a happier clime.

Perhaps thy last sad course was run  
Through realms which fear and hate the day ;  
Where ruffians curse the coming sun,  
Where idlers sleep whole suns away.

E'en *here* thy burning view would see  
Unblushing vice and passion rude,  
And seldom bent the suppliant knee,  
And still the lip of gratitude.

Or didst thou roll thy glowing wheel  
Where dark Ambition goads her steed ;  
And plotting statesmen whet the steel,  
And bid the mortal battle bleed ?

Or where the Gaul, from Lodi's bridge,  
With slaughter'd armies chokes the flood :  
Or where he scales the Alpine ridge,  
And dies its virgin snows with blood ?—

Such scenes must wound the eye of Heaven—  
But has not Heaven since time begun,  
Flung all its million gifts around  
On those who ne'er return'd it one ?

Oh ! starting from thine *almost death*,  
Mark, sluggard, now yon orb arise ;



And load the morning's earliest breath  
With incense to its native skies :

See yon blue arch the surface span ;  
To guilty worlds, see, day is given—  
Oh ! Heaven is still the friend of man,  
Though man is still the foe of Heaven.

I have no obligation to tell my readers in what direction our travellers journeyed. A few days however brought them to a sea-port ; the wind was favourable, and a ship in waiting. They had no sooner lost sight of the fat and lazy plains on the one shore, than the giant cliffs of the other met their eye. G. was surprised to observe the separating waters so narrow. "Compared," he said, "with the seas one reads of, it is but a river, and one is amazed to find its opposite banks so different."—"They are not so different," said M. "as the people who inhabit them." Those philosophers \* who think national character under the sole guidance of climate, who count the virtues of a people on a circle of latitude, and who measure their genius by a thermometer, would find this difference a disagreeable problem. The stream which divides their countries, whilst it is too narrow to separate their objects, is too wide to unite their interests ; and in the contest for these, they have shed as much *blood* as would purple all the waters between them.

"Their leaders, of course," said G. "know they have no souls, and then to spill this blood is little more than to disturb the same quantity of water."

\* Montesquieu, &c.

## CHAPTER III.

.....

THERE are mutual rights which exist between an author and his reader, and which he who is disposed to violate had better neither write nor read. One of the clearest claims which a reader has upon him who proposes to amuse or instruct him, is some kind of history of every person who is distinguished among the characters of his drama. If, therefore, I have delayed to answer the multitude who have asked, "Who is Madame de N.?" it is not because I despised or resisted the enquiry, but because I knew that the flow of my tale would soon bring the history of the mother of Emily to our view. It is M. who tells it, and if my readers begin to know him, they will perhaps wish to hear it from his lips rather than from mine.

It is well known that *love*, to a man in love, is the topic, round which, as the bird round its nest, he will continually hover. It was so with Gustavus; and M. had in him, that relish for domestic scenery, that when the conversation of his young companion thus settled to its centre, he made no tangential efforts to fly off from it. One kind of philosophy, we read, proposed to govern the mind, as conquerors sometimes legislate in the countries they subdue, by annihilating every thing that could resist. But with such philosophy, M. had not thought it necessary to make Gustavus acquainted. He had taught him, however, the philosophy of Christ; which takes the feelings



as it finds them, and leaving what is good in the heart, disciplines all that is rebellious. But is it wonderful, that at his age, and scarcely familiar with his own principles, the turbulence of his love should sometimes escape in unguarded expressions?

It was a singular incident that struck out some expressions of this nature, and these again drew from M. the history of which we are in search. Our travellers were divided from the inhabitants of the next apartment, at an inn on the road, by a partition as slight as any thing of wood could be. But the walls of Thebes would have been almost insufficient to fortify them against the thunders of a tongue, which, with any vulgar naturalist, must have left the species of the creature, to whom it belonged, a very questionable point. To this was opposed a voice, whose very tone proclaimed, that the owner of it could not have crushed the bruised reed.—But the stronger animal seemed to have no ear for it, and loaded the air with the most terrible imprecations. At intervals Gustavus was astonished to hear *God* and the *soul* summoned to sanction what seemed to be the threats of fury, falsehood and impiety. His first inquiry naturally was, “how those who had no souls, and could have no God, could swear by them?”

“A moment’s reflection will convince you,” said M. “that there is nothing more usual. The ancients always swore by Styx, though not one in a million believed in the existence of such a river. They even made their gods swear by it, although those who were supposed to know all things, must know that the Styx never flowed through any regions, but the brains of a poet. In like manner

atheists, perhaps, more than any other men, swear by a Deity; and employ *him* as the agent of their curses, whose very being they deny. Or if this explanation dose not satisfy you, let the men of O. themselves do it. Charge them with oaths of this kind; and, to a man they will tell you 'that they had no meaning in them;'—so that you must not wonder, that they talk nonsense, when they mean nothing more."

"Thus far I must acknowledge," replied Gustavus, "that those who knew God would scarcely desire him as a witness of their own fury; and that those who had souls would scarcely stake them either upon a trifle, or a lie."

The conversation naturally soon turned upon the contrast of voice, manner, and character, which was displayed by the two combatants in this war of words.

"These two things are obvious concerning them," said M. "that they are man and wife, and that one is under the influence of religion, and the other unacquainted with it. Marriage, my dear Gustavus, is like some exquisite instrument, which can be tuned only by the hand of Heaven. God, who made the hearts, alone can harmonize them by the infusion of common views, and hopes, and joys." It was here that those tempestuous feelings in Gustavus of which we spoke, broke out, and proved that man sometimes bows to other idols, than those of wood and stone.

"Emily then being the child of Heaven—she is—" he said hastily, "I may love her; but, even were she otherwise, I should still seek to lead her to the altar. Let her have *love*, and religion would follow."



"I wished never to tell you the history of Madame de N." replied M. "till it could be useful to you. She therefore to whom you never turned a deaf ear, shall now teach you, my Gustavus.

"The first accents which Caroline St. Amand ever heard from the lips of her parents were those by which they taught her to honor God: and her knees were bent and her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion long before it was possible for her to know the object of prayer. They loved indeed to see her rehearse those scenes of piety which they trusted she would act upon the stage of life. She lived with them therefore as in a temple, and soon felt every where that fear of doing wrong, which even the worst will sometimes feel in spots sacred to religion. Those who are the fittest for eternity seem often to be first called to the enjoyment of it. Her father died suddenly by a fever, when she was ten years old; and her mother did not long survive him. The desire of her parents had been, that Caroline should be sent for the completion of her education to the place of her birth—a spot no less retired and romantic than St. Foy; and where a person resided every way fitted for the task. It was there she became that enthusiast in nature we have found her; and it was there she made her own those principles which the last breath of a parent had bequeathed to her. She at first, respected religion for their sakes, and then loved it for its own. At the age of eighteen, however, she was summoned to the house of one of her relations who had undertaken the charge of her. He was a man singular in no respect; but one who, living in a capital, walked with the great herds of it, neither bending to the right hand or to the

left, to take an unusual step in the way of virtue. As Caroline quitted those oaks, which, from a child, had waved their broad arms over her in defiance of the tempest, she thought whether the world would, amidst its own storms, provide her friends such as these; and as they bowed their tall heads to the passing wind, she acknowledged it as a sort of silent language by which they bade her farewell. 'If,' she said to her melancholy companion, 'the spirit could take any visible form, you would often see me wandering amidst these shades we have loved together.'—'If not,' replied her aged friend, 'I shall expect the spirit elsewhere.' She soon left her retirement, casting almost that 'longing lingering look behind,' which they cast who are passing from one world to another.

“But she was at an age when our opinions sit loosely upon us; and when, if the feelings seem to take a deeper hold, still they are ready to quit it for any new object. It is not a matter of surprise therefore, if she had not been long placed in her new residence when she began to feel the influence of that fascination, which the walls of a great city are known to exercise upon those whom they encircle. The child of solitude indeed usually goes into the world unfit for the conflicts of it. As Caroline, for instance, had always been accustomed to find her pleasures in the field of her duties, she never ventured to separate them; and thus not suspecting that, in Paris, what seemed the happiest might not always be the best, she did not scrupulously examine the amusements proposed to her. And besides, as she had now exchanged the rocks and trees, her former companions, for living creatures, she soon caught something of the sur-



rounding animation, and began rather to court dissipation than to retreat from it.

“During this time, although the principles she had at first learned, filled as large a place in her eye as ever, she naturally did not call them up to her view as frequently as before. She had not indeed abandoned them; but she had in a degree laid them by, little thinking that negligence is scarcely less fatal to them than abuse. I mention this state of her mind, because it explains the circumstances which followed.—In this fatal hour, Mons. de N. was introduced. He was a man to whose person and mind nature had given the most noble and masculine features; but she could not climb to Heaven to steal for him that sacred fire, without which, man had better have continued to slumber amidst his fellow-atoms in the dust. Religion, however, was scarcely missed in him, who, without it, seemed to wear many of its graces; and Caroline, especially, was not at an age when, if she found what she wanted, she was likely to pause, and ask, whither it tended and whence it came. She who had studied man only in solitude, viewed him as she would any other production of nature; and, if the fruit appeared fair, at once pronounced the tree to be good. Every thing in the mind of N. was upon a large scale. His passions were strong, his imagination warm, and his energy ever awake. It perhaps arose from this, that every day gave birth to some new scheme, and that he seemed restless till some object or employment was found vast enough to seize upon his mind and fill it. His quick perception of merit soon placed him at the side of Caroline; and his ardour and attractions in two months made her his wife.

"As they stretched their hands across the altar, he said, in that figurative language which was peculiar to him, 'The flames lighted here, Caroline, mingle more and more as they go onward.' 'Yes,' she said, 'because they are each taking their way to the same heaven.' N. smiled—but he had thought his image more significant of love than of religion.

"It is obvious, that every circumstance had conspired to lay asleep the principles of Caroline; but they were so wrought into her very being, and were of so vigorous a constitution, that they were sure soon to awake and arise and make themselves felt. If she had married a man without religion, it was not because she for a moment undervalued it,—but because she ignorantly imagined religion to be too excellent to have few friends, or at least N. too good not to be amongst them. If she ever suspected him, she yet charged his failings upon the vehemence of his nature and his want of opportunities. 'Love,' she said, with you, Gustavus, 'is the best school of piety; and if I have his heart in my hands, can I not mould it as I will?'

"Love has been often called a delirium;—and as, when a fever is off, the body feels doubly its first weakness and disease, so the soul is never so much itself, or the conscience so delicate and severe, as when this mental delirium has, in any degree, cooled. To this state Caroline was brought by marriage. It had not diminished her affection, but had sobered it—and thus restored her to what she was.

"Although N. was far too watchful of her happiness to give any direct wound to her feelings, still there is in religion or irreligion a kind



of omnipresence, by which they are seen and felt in every thing which their possessors say or do. She soon saw, therefore, that if she attempted to touch the string of religion, there was within him nothing which answered; that whilst she hoped to walk as a stranger and pilgrim in this world, he made it his home; that if he did right, it was frequently without a motive, or from a false one. It was plain also that he did not love her for her piety, but rather winked at it;—that he viewed it as her weak point—as a kind of dead weight, which her other excellencies alone could balance.

“I need not explain to you the effects of this discovery upon Caroline: I have often, in my own mind, compared her situation to that of the unhappy creatures, who, as it is said, not unfrequently, in the northern seas, quit their boats, and land upon the floating fields of ice; where suddenly some shock cuts off the morsel on which they rest, and they are launched into the vast deep, with no friend but their icy carriage.

“Of her conduct I must say, and my intimacy with both entitles me to speak confidently, that she bent every nerve to the task of reclaiming him; that she sometimes attempted to force, but oftener to soften, a way to his heart—that she never forgot to be a wife because he was not a christian.

“But I have to explain the influence of this upon Mons. de N.

“She had hoped that there was some modification of an ambitious mind, by which it might aspire to an union with God; and that the eye which rejoiced in every vast object, would naturally rest itself upon eternity. But she was deceived. Religion seemed, in his eyes, to degrade

every thing which it touched. Although he looked above the world, he never looked to heaven. For some years then he met her arguments and her affection, when employed in the service of religion, with almost equal insensibility. Nor was this all. It was impossible for such a mind as his to find a stationary point; and there was therefore scarcely any place for him between an enthusiast and an infidel. In a short time, he found his little belief a burden to him, and became the last.

"I have said, with how lofty a nature he was endowed. His hopes and projects were such as might be expected from one thus constituted, and did not accommodate themselves to the dull realities of life. Shall we wonder then that the visions he sought, continually eluded his grasp? This by degrees, however, soured his disposition; and, as the space between the opposite extremes is seldom great, the once sanguine N. sat down in sullenness and despair. His love of Caroline was indeed the last anchor which the storm carried away. But, as he had not taken the ground of infidelity from a conviction that it was the best, but had hewn it out as a place of refuge from irresolution and indifference, the subject of religion was one which now wrung every fibre in him. Whenever therefore her mild language or bright example pressed it upon him, he felt it as a wound, and began to dislike the hand which gave it. It was with himself that he was angry, but he soon vented it upon her. One act of unkindness ever produces another; for 'men always hate those they have injured.' At the end of six years, therefore, when the last sentiment which had lent any grace or polish to the colossal features of his



character was worn away, he stood like some shapeless relic from the hand of a great master—which we only admire for what it has been. “At the same time there were many intervals during this period, in which he seemed to start back into himself. I shall mention one. Their only child was our own Emily. As N. had now taken a decided part in his hostilities to religion, Caroline trembled at the influence he might have with her, when her advanced years should throw her more into his society. During the first part of her life, she herself naturally enjoyed the almost exclusive management of her; and, throughout this period, she watched, with all the eagerness of a mother’s eye, every avenue by which corruption could enter. She even felt it her duty, though it was pain and grief to her, to guard her child against the sentiments of its father. She did more; for she taught it to lift its little hands, unspotted at least with its own crimes, in supplication for those of its parent.

“It was to a scene of this kind, that N. was accidentally a witness. She had been teaching Emily in what sense God is the *Shepherd* of his people. The door was not closed; and, as he stood there, he saw Madame de N. in the attitude of prayer—her eyes lifted upwards, but dim with anguish. Emily knelt beside her, touched by her mother’s sufferings, and in childish accents repeating her petition, ‘O thou great Shepherd, bring back thy lost sheep to the fold. There was something in the scene which spoke to a heart strung like that of N. He felt it, I believe, deeply.

“It was the same evening that he stood for some time musing upon a painting by some celebrated master of the Roman school; in which, whilst a

holy family are taking their flight to heaven, one despairing wretch among them is struck to the ground by its thunders. He seemed greatly agitated—beckoned Caroline in a hurried manner—laid his finger upon the figure, and rushed out of the room.

“Such lucid intervals (if I may so call them) were however transient and every day more rare. About the middle of the sixth year of their marriage, the apathy of which I spoke, had so completely fixed itself upon him, that it would almost have been as easy to have roused his statue as himself, to any interest in the common circumstances of life.

“There is but one employment (I dare not call it amusement) to which such a state of mind eminently disposes men. It is said, that the ancient Goths, during the time of peace, would doze away whole years in the most senseless sloth, unless called from it to *gamble*. It was then that their eyes again lighted up their savage fires, and their bosoms swelled with wonted fury. Thus engaged, they would sit till one or the other party had lost his property, his children, his arms, and even his person; as though they refused to live, except when they could butcher their enemies, or ruin themselves. It is a ferocious picture of man; but alas! it is the portrait of N. The first time he took the box in his hand, he seemed to cast the die of his own fate. Having once burst asunder the bands of his lethargy, he seated himself at these tables of ruin, and scarcely ever quitted them. He appeared to take a gloomy delight in the convulsions of mind, which were wrought by the vicissitudes of his new employment; and so that he could feel, he seemed to care little for



the nature of his sensations. The grief of Caroline naturally kept pace with the frenzy of her husband. It was not, however, for herself she grieved, but for him. From the history of other gamesters, and from her intimacy with the mind of N. she borrowed a kind of prophetic light, by which she was enabled to look through the shades of his future destiny. She saw that it was impossible for such a man to be a gamester, and not to be undone.

“It was one evening when N. had gone from home under singular agitation of mind, that she requested I would follow him to the gaming-house which he was known to frequent. This place was celebrated for the pillage of all who were not initiated in the crooked and mysterious arts of those in whose hands it was. As the police of Paris was at that time the most vigorous in the world, the owners of this institution contrived so to fortify the approach to it, that, in cases of alarm, they might remove all the instruments of their trade before the officers entered. By secret means, however I obtained an entrance; and I opened the door as I should that of the regions appropriated to the wicked. When I entered, every one seemed full of his employment. As my business was rather to see than to be seen, I took my station in a part fitted to my purpose. The scene which presented itself, had for me a kind of terrific interest which I cannot explain to you. When I contemplated the faces around me, I seemed to be introduced to a new set of passions; or to combinations of them more terrible than those which the eye of the world will endure. I saw in almost every man a Cethegus or a Catiline—a conspirator against the happiness of man-

kind. Enthusiast as I am in liberty, I could have almost rejoiced, when all the malignant humours of the body politic seemed thus drawn to a point, to have seen the hand of authority forcibly cut them away. To this hour, many of the figures of this society haunt me. I saw hands which charity never lifted, lips that never prayed, knees that never bent, countenances, were, if I may so express it, 'God had forgotten to be gracious.' The only ray of comfort which broke through this awful gloom, was that which shewed me that each one in this assembly seemed to be let loose against another as ferocious as himself. But even this vanished when I turned my eyes upon N. Wan and emaciated, his eyes glaring, and his forehead ridged with a thousand storms, I saw him scarcely worthy to be called the ruins of himself. But let us hasten my Gustavus, from this unholy ground. I found an opportunity, during the night, of painting to him in strong colours the terrors of his situation; but his answer indicated, that he had looked his ruin too often in the face, to start at it in any shape which I could bring before him. I spoke to him of Caroline; but he had, in his new business, acquired a horrid familiarity with the sufferings of others. I would have spoke of God—but he stopped me, by exclaiming in his vehement manner, 'Chance is the only god of a gamester.' In fact, I might have mentioned that the gambling-room is the temple of the Atheist. It is an employment in which there is a constant appeal to some power *without ourselves*—that power which presents one side of the die, and hides another. Men call this 'chance'—and are they not Atheists?



"But let me finish this melancholy story. N. after his last speech, abruptly left me, resumed his occupation, and seemed to pursue it even with a more entire devotion of mind than before. When I reflected that every step he took in his present employment brought him so much nearer to his ruin, I almost ceased to wonder that some philosophers should have called in the doctrine of a fatalism to explain the fatuity of human conduct. They reasonably doubted whether man could become so emphatically his own enemy, and therefore conceived some iron hand which lashes him on to destruction. There was also something of that expression in the face of N. which might have been expected in the victim of such a destiny. The alternations of loss and gain seemed no longer to affect him; he received the last as a loan which he was immediately to restore, and the first as his settled and natural inheritance.

"I sat watching him for some time; but as I knew there was nothing his high spirit could less endure than to see a spy placed upon his movements, I quitted the room, and returned to Madame de N.

"Her frame of body was such, that it was likely to give way before evils under which the mind might have stood. It was indeed one of those nervous systems which appear to feel and to bleed at every point in which misfortune touches it. Knowing this, I had long feared the effect of her sorrows upon her; and therefore thought myself justified in shewing them to her in the least formidable aspect which they wore.

"Unfortunately I pursued the same line of conduct in recording the events of this evening.

Had I done otherwise, I should have gradually unveiled to her that spectacle of horror, to which she was now to be brought at once, and without preparation. I was soon obliged to leave her.

"Some hours after midnight, N. returned to his house. As usual, he hurried to his apartment and barred his door against that bosom on which he might have profitably rested all his cares. Caroline heard his door close; and, although she felt the cruelty and desperation of that sorrow which refuses to communicate itself, she little thought that he had now shut himself from her and from the world forever.

"After I quitted him, the good fortune or the knavery of his associates had put the last stroke to his undoing; and the lofty N. was now a beggar. Pride sometimes supports men under an honourable poverty; but no one is proud of the ruins which his own hand has made. N. felt all the agonies of a wounded spirit, when he saw in himself the executioner, as it were, of his own dignity and happiness. In the solitude of his chamber he was able to measure his calamities on every side. It was here, that, with the world between himself and God, he found the eye of God too strong for him; and resolved, in order to escape the certain evils of his present state, to rush upon what (according to *his* creed) were the tremendous uncertainties of another. He determined upon making the awful experiment, whether there was any hell worse than the bosom of a gamester. In little more than an hour, the watchful Caroline heard the report of a pistol in his room. Wild with fear, she rushed to his door. It gave way, and she reached him just soon enough to watch those last struggles and convul-



sions with which the soul tears itself from the body. In the fixed contemplation of this awful spectacle, she lost her reason. When I was sent for, I found indeed that they had forcibly separated her from the corpse ; but that the bleeding image seemed to haunt her every where. She did not, for a long time, notice me ; and at last threw on me only that vacant gaze which indicates that the imagination and the memory are too busy to let the senses do their duty. By degrees however, the violence of her disorder subsided, but her complete recovery was for a long time doubtful. Madness often delights in some particular position or action, and the disordered mind will mischievously act over again those scenes in which its frenzy originated. I have watched her sit for hours with her hand projected before her face, in the attitude of intense expectation. In this situation, if she heard the slightest noise, she would shriek aloud, 'a pistol!'—and rush towards the sound. Even now, if she sees the mountain sportsman, with his gun, pursuing the wild chamois amongst the rocks of St. Foy, she will hasten to her room, as if afraid to trust the slight thread by which her reason is held. God, however, preserves that reason to her, and she will use it, Gustavus, to give Emily to none but a Christian."

## CHAPTER IV.

.....

IT was on the morning of Sunday that Gustavus first opened his eyes in O. He had some difficulty in convincing himself that the elements were not convulsed. The darkness to him, who had never quitted Switzerland, was almost supernatural, and the sound of coaches seemed like subterraneous thunder. The footsteps around him were loud and incessant. "This people seem to *have bodies*," he said.

"It was some consolation to him to hear the note of a distant bell, which hailed the dawning of the Sabbath. I know not whether sounds move in lines or circles; but those who would know the way to the heart, would do well to follow them. Gustavus was transported in a moment to St. Foy, and in a moment forgot O. its noises and its bells, in her rocks, in that small and single bell to which they echoed, and in her whom his memory ever summoned when he thought of any thing he loved. He saw her with her circle of little mountaineers around her, teaching them how praise might be perfected even from lips such as theirs. It was a moment favourable to the sex; —in such a mood, there is even a prodigality in our good humour; "they have souls," said he, "though he of Mecca might not know it."

In the course of the morning, their inclinations and habits forced them into a church. M. said as he entered it, "how melancholy were those times, when the inhabitant of any country could



not quit it without seeing temples raised to other gods than his own! The Christian pilgrim now finds the altar of his God, through whatever civilized land he bends his steps; and his religion has thus, in the best sense, made him a citizen of the world."

The prayers, though indifferently read, soon attracted the attention of Gustavus; and he could scarcely wait for a pause in the service to express his admiration of them. "Are these the prayers," he said, "of a people *without souls*?"

"When I told you," answered M. "what these people are, I did not tell you what they have been. They are the relics of a great and good people. These prayers are not the theology of the day, but the prayers of their ancestors—of men who had souls, and who felt and acted as though they had. Would that this nation had known religion to be the best legacy, and with the soil, had inherited the virtues of their ancestors!"

Gustavus had almost immediate occasion to remark that the two divisions of the service did not harmonise, and that the part which was not fixed, but varied according to the spirit of those who were the organs of it, deserved little of that praise he had bestowed on the other. A shadowy form took possession of the pulpit.

Fashion would have dressed herself in this mirror, that is, if taste had not taught her to abhor excess. He preached languidly for eleven minutes, prayed more languidly for two, and then dismissed his audience with a cold eye and a whispered benediction.

"The sermons of St. Foy," said Gustavus, "are longer."

"Eleven minutes" answered M. "would ill satisfy ears greedy of intelligence from Heaven. Such sermons are a kind of spiritual apparition: they do not touch the heart, but glide through the chambers of it. Such galloping divinity would not be endured at St. Foy; but then its inhabitants have souls; the preacher of to-day, knows his audience have none. He treats them like creatures who have nothing more than instincts; who can pearch, but cannot settle upon a subject. He wounds them flying, as he does his game."

"Did he intend, do you imagine, to wound at all?"

"Why, that is true. Nothing, I am afraid, was farther from his thoughts. To be idle himself, he must keep them unawakened."

"But," said M. as they paced the street, "the sermon is worthy of examination, in order to ascertain the point for which we travel. But we must lower our tones in conversing on the subject; for this people have the same superstitious foible with some of the most renowned Greeks; that of conceiving all grave discourse to be ominous. The philosophy of Athens banished even the word '*sleep*' from polite society, because they conceived sleep to be an image of '*death*.'"

"But the Greeks had souls."

"They thought they had none, and the reality and the supposition render men equally absurd. The Greeks ostracised the word *sleep* from their territory: this people draw a circle between themselves and the whole vocabulary of religion: and for the same reason, it seems, to hint at palls and coffins."

"Are these people then afraid of death?"



"Even those who think it, as some do (grafting upon the Grecian stock) an '*eternal slesp*,' have still the fears of awaking."

"But to return," continued M. "if either the preacher or his audience *had souls*, these consequences would follow. The soul is more important than the body; we should therefore hear more of it. The soul may perish; he would have shewn its danger. For the soul's eye there has been lighted a '*star in the east*;' would he not have pointed to it? Write the history of such a people, my Gustavus; what could you say of them?"

"I must copy the Spaniard, and say *they have no souls*."

As in the course of conversation they had returned to the door of the church they had quitted, accident threw in their way the late tenant of the pulpit. G. expressed a strong desire to converse with the first of this race whom he had seen in canonicals; and M. was equally desirous of gratifying it. They accordingly joined him. And here let me pause to do him justice. He was not the contemptible creature my reader may have figured to himself. If weighed in the balance, by most of the casuists in O. he would not, in their eyes, have been found wanting. G. indeed, from his singular education, measured ecclesiastical qualifications by a very high standard. "They are the ambassadors," he said, "from Heaven to earth, and must not disgrace the God whom they represent." Our divine, however, had passed through the university with some degree of credit; in other words, he had never been expelled. He had moreover (such are the colossal steps of a Christian divine of these latter cen-

turies) laid up in his memory all the texts with which the world are usually acquainted, and the exact manner in which they never fail to apply them. Such a personage could not but wear the laurel, and be pronounced worthy of the high preferment he enjoyed.

He received the address of our travellers with a bow and a smile, which concealed much astonishment. The "*nil admirari*" is the property of a great man; the appearance of it, that of a polite one. M. conducted him insensibly to the point on which they wished to converse; and it was then that the hoarded texts of which we spoke, and which had long struggled for birth, were produced.

"Your principal object then," said M. "in your discourse, is to restrain the ardour of religion, which, as you justly say, seems to be the besetting sin of your city?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir. And are we not cautioned in the book you so loudly praise, against being '*righteous over much*?' Victory enthroned herself upon the pent house of his brow. As he took the stride of triumph, and at the same time gave the eye a glass which did not materially interrupt his sight, M. whispered, "This is the madness of a man, who, when chilled by an ague, should use all the medicines which were prescribed for a fever."

He turned to the disputant. "I had been taught to think that your quotation inculcated the shunning and ostentatious display of piety, and the sacrificing of all idle ceremonies of religion, to our real social duties. Your interpretation, however, is far more benevolent, as it enables you to consult the feelings and inclinations of your flock,



by authorizing them to obey God with restriction, and love him with languor."

"Why, yes, Sir; and such benevolence is the soul of religion: for does not '*charity cover a multitude of sins*'?"

"You mean," said M. "that if we give others their liberty, Heaven is induced to give us ours."

The preacher made the same bow which Pope owed to Warburton for his notes upon the "Essay on Man," and which every man owes to another who makes his meaning clearer than he could himself.

"But give me leave to hint," added M. "that this interpretation may have some objections. What, I beseech you, is charity?"

"In its rigid and fullest sense, it is *almsgiving*. We never use it otherwise."

"In the *plural* pronoun you have used, Sir, you do not, I presume, include the apostles and fathers of the church. Paul, on the contrary, says, 'If I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not *charity*, it profiteth me nothing.' He took the portrait of Charity warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time bade the canvass glow with many others. Unlike the clumsy limners of the schools of men, he does not chain her to this world, but displays her touching Heaven while she stands upon Earth, and bowing down to practice among men that good-will she has learned above.—Study this portrait, and you will say, that 'Charity is love to man, founded upon love to God.' Paul never imagined that we could compromise for our neglect of the Maker by acts of mercy to the thing made; nor conceived, as Catholics have para-

phrased the doctrine you deliver, that when 'the money jingles in the chest, the soul ascends to heaven.' Charity, sir, knows nothing of covering or mitigating the offences of man in the view of his God, though to her own sight, she ever softens the complexion of another's crime by the deep colouring with which she imbues her own."

The heart of Gustavus burned within him as he heard him speak. "Ten such men," he said, "and Sodom would have stood." The harangue, however, had scarcely reached the preacher; for he and the "deaf adder" had a property in common, which rendered the head and heart equally impregnable. Some tones, indeed, he caught, which widely differed from the honeyed accents, with which the fairer members of his congregation were accustomed to pamper an already bloated vanity. But to be any where, was better than to be alone; the society he most dreaded was that of the Being whom he most loved. He therefore, having made, at least as many circles as the Trojan to avoid the fight, entered once more unwillingly the lists for the defence of his insulted system.

"If, Sir, it be true, as you seem to suspect, that I take out of the scale of Piety, it must, however, be remarked that I load that of Morals. And to this kind of holy barter, the present state of divinity forces us. We have, Sir, among us, men who preach the damnable heresy of '*faith without works*.'"

"There is no heresy more atrocious," said M. "But how is this fact ascertained? Have you read their works, or heard their sermons?"

"No; nor would this, perhaps, have convinced me; for by some ingenious contrivance, I under-



stand that they manage to treat at large, and to enforce every moral virtue."

"Their lives then are, perhaps, more licentious than those of others?"

"On the contrary, they might be stoics for their austerity: their passions are of no use to them; as if Heaven had put us up to our chins in pleasures, without intending us even to taste them."

"This is marvelous, because habitual good conduct can flow only from good principles. To say of any one, 'he believes that which *must* make him a good man,' is at once to define a Christian, and to call him one. Beware therefore how when you see the pulse of morals beat, you declare religion to be dead in the heart, or how you suspect him that denies himself, to have denied his God—No, sir—if these men live as you say, I am led to think, they cannot preach the doctrine you impute to them. It is next to impossible that men should preach less rigidly than they live, or in other words, give others more liberty than they take themselves."

"But if their lives appear to justify them, you will at least allow some weight to the number of their accusers?"

"Are they more numerous than those who raised a similar accusation against the great Father of the Reformation? The church of Rome loudly proclaimed him an *Antinomian*, and the crime of preaching the detestable doctrine of 'faith without works,' was charged upon one, who was a saint in life as well as principle, by men whose doctrine was not more infamous than their practice. It may then hush the clamours of modern accusers, when they thus find themselves brandishing the

thunders of Vatican ; and they may learn to suspect the cry of ' faith without works,' as the echo of a papal phrase—a dying watch-word of the enemies of religion."

"The echo 'of a *papal* phrase?'—Impossible, sir! we have sworn to hate the pope."

"But," continued M. "as you 'load the scale of morals,' you doubtless insist upon all the purity which this new breed of Antinomians practise?"

"By no means. Good Sir, you seem ignorant of the very alphabet of Christianity. Have you never read, '*My yoke is easy*?'"

"The cords of the scale," whispered G. "are in danger."

"It was quoted irreverently, but aptly," answered M. "of the Pere Bauney, a Jesuit, and who argued in the same strain, '*Ecce Homo qui tollit peccata mundi.*' 'Behold the man who *taketh away* the sins of the world!' "But surely, Sir, (turning to his antagonist) these words may be referred to the deliverance from the irksome ceremonies of Judaism, and the freedom from guilt which Christ purchased for his genuine disciples by the sacrifice of himself."

"The object of his death," said the preacher, "was not more to save us from sin than in sin. As civil liberty is best secured by letting every man do as he pleases, religion must give us the same privileges, or an 'easy yoke' has no meaning."

"France," said M. "has proved how far liberty is preserved by the means you are recommending: the people of O. will try the same experiment upon religion. The success of France is prophetic of theirs."



"But surely," said G. "this is what they term Antinomianism;—it is to preach the doctrine of 'faith *without* works.'"

"If not," said M. "it is to preach something worse. But tell me, Sir," he proceeded, "if faith is not to be felt, and works are not to be practised, how in the name of common sense, are we to be saved?"

"To be baptized, Sir," said he, "is to be a Christian, and no Christian can be in danger."

The pillar of the church at length felt himself totter under this unusual burden, and, like Atlas in similar circumstances, resolved to get rid of it by thrusting it upon the shoulders of another. Putting, therefore, a card into M.'s hand, "Honor me, sir," he said, "with a visit, and I will introduce you to a man, who has, more than I have, made these matters his study." With three strides the body vanished.

"It is the only profession," said M. "where a man is privileged to be ignorant, because it is the only one in which his interest does not inevitably suffer by his ignorance."

"And is interest," said Gustavus, "the only thing to be considered?"

"Yes," answered M. "where there is *no soul*."

## CHAPTER V.

.....

**THEY** had given no express orders about the time of dinner, but had confided their fates to the keeping of Custom, the only goddess of civilized society.

Gustavus was astonished, that, at a period three hours after that assigned at St. Foy for this great purpose of our being, he could discover no herald even of its approach. As he had risen at his usual hour, and had forgotten the fact which M. had mentioned, that this new world did not quit their feathered graves till five hours later, he could not conceal his astonishment at this delay.

"This people *without souls*," said he, "appear, however, to have unusual powers of body."

"If that were true," said M. "it would not be singular: for camels live without water for many days; wolves fast for a week. But you have forgotten how late they sleep—and this is only a part in a system: they do all things late, in the hopes of doing something never."

"This is strange."

"Of people so sparingly endowed, my G. can you expect any thing that is not strange."

"Another account," said G. "may be given of this."

"What is this?"

"The sun visits them some hours sooner than their unhappy brethren in *America*, of whom *our Spaniard* writes; and sympathy may possibly make them wish to keep the *same hours*."



They had finished their meal, when a servant entered the room. "After a long search, sir," said he, "I have discovered a place of the kind you mentioned."

"It is well," said M. "we shall be ready at the time."—He quitted the room.—"I intend conducting you this evening, Gustavus, to a scene which you might expect to wound your feelings—to a mad-house."

"I am confident that you will not take me where I ought not to go."

"You have heard me condemn those who hunt even in the straw of the maniac, the food of an impertinent curiosity;—who darken the little crevice through which alone light ever enters his dungeon, by robbing him of his only consolation, that of being unseen. But such is not my intention. It is a property of the madness, which I desire to shew you, that it is careless of spectators; nay, that it even desires them, because it hopes that by gazing, you may contract the same disease."

"Such malice is singular."

"You will see, that in fact, they have no malice, but that they only desire for you what constitutes their sole delight."

"Charity could do no more—but what is *madness*?"

"Rather than define it, I will distinguish it from idiotism, with which also some acquaintance may hereafter be useful to us. An idiot thinks or acts *unreasonable upon a reasonable idea*; and *vice versa*, a madman thinks or acts *reasonably upon an unreasonable idea*.\* An idiot, for in-

\* Vide Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

stance supposes himself, as he is, a man, and acts like any other animal. A madman on the contrary, supposes himself, which he is not always, an emperor: but then he acts like an emperor."

"In what then are those mad whom we are to see this evening?"

"In this, that they suppose (which as men of O. is impossible) that they have souls, and then, as our rule directs, act as though they had souls. An inhabitant of O. who, thinking he had a soul, should act as though he had none, would, you see, according to this rule, be neither pure madman nor pure idiot, but would in his own miserable person comprehend the qualities of both."

"Such a production," said Gustavus, "would, I suppose, according to Monboddo, have *two tails*. But are those whom we are to visit, in confinement?"

"No; and this for more than one reason. The church established in this place (the ark of true religion) issued her articles, and as I have told you, drew up her liturgy when her congregation had souls; of this, with the cunning natural to madmen, these people have taken the advantage, and have claimed and ever found protection beneath the shadow of her wings. But again, reasoning as though they had souls, they think, that if it is their first duty to be good Christians, it is their second to be good subjects: *the state*, therefore, which they support, is also their guardian. Once more, as they are good Christians and good subjects, from the same first, and mind you, *false* principle—"Who can doubt it?" said G.)—they feel themselves obliged to be universally *good men*. All the genuine lovers of virtue, therefore, though they will not imitate, must at least admire



them. The state therefore, the church, and the virtuous, if they have not a madness just of the opposite complexion from this, must be their friends."

"If not, we must turn all three over to our Spaniard."

"But have they no enemies?"

"Can you doubt that, in a city like this, their enemies are innumerable? Not to *think* with men, may be forgiven; but not to *act* with them, never."

"If Monboddo's monkies are decidedly of the same class with nature's monkies, I should be clear in the matter; for naturalists assure us of the latter, that they are furious in their antipathy to man. But as the claws are clipped, how do they inflict their vengeance?"

"By side blows, by trickery, and by calling names."

"Monboddo's monkies then, it is decided, must be nature's. Tell me, I beseech you, these names."

"One sums and abstracts them all—an *Enthusiast*."

"What means this term Enthusiast?"

"Its proper meaning is an excessive devotion of the mind to any particular employment or opinion. This afflicted people (as naturally their range of ideas is small) have chained it to religion alone."

"But surely I have seen the word applied as a term of commendation?"

"Your correction is just. According to the nomenclature of the *world without souls*, enthusiasm, in science, is genius; in vice, it is spirit; in religion it is madness."

"A most transatlantic conclusion! the Americans, says my Spaniard, could not count twenty; but *this* surely is not beyond their power."

CHAPTER VI.  
.....

THEY quitted their hotel at the appointed hour. G. walked the streets with eyes dazzled by the flitting by of the birds of dissipation, that were now in flocks upon the wing. The carriages were innumerable. "They of course," said he, "keep no *commandments*, or the needless employment of 'cattle' upon this day, would be impossible."

"You do them injustice. They keep this *branch* of the commandments with some limitation; every thing is allowed a kind of repose but cooks and horses, chair-men and mantua-makers, tailors, publicans, and prime ministers. The wants of *bodies* are numberless and voracious, when they have no soul to silence their clamours; like Esau, they will barter Heaven for a mess of pottage."

"But have they no veneration for the Sabbath?"

"Yes, out of respect to it, they even change the nature of their amusements. The females select a church where all genteel Christians resort, where the music is good, and the preacher sentimental. The males shew their superiority by seeking no church at all."

"I thought," said G. "this race had been more *gallant*."

"The females," continued M. "with a kind of sickly intermitting motion, occasioned by the crowd, 'font une promenade à voiture' in that Park through which we passed. The males, with all possible gallantry, select an adjoining



row, and, with a similar motion, 'font une promenade à cheval."

"So that," said Gustavus, "women, who yet would probably challenge to themselves the title of '*amiable*,' do their utmost, by forcing horses and servants upon unnecessary employments, to defraud two beasts of their lawful rest, and shut out two souls from Heaven."

"True," said M. "At the hour of dinner," he continued, "by a social licence, not indeed strictly *protestant*, the Sunday seems to finish, and they assemble in large conventions to discuss and supply the wants of *body*."

"But have I not heard that the places of public amusement are shut?"

"You have ; but this depends not upon individuals, but upon the legislature ; and you will have endless occasion to remark, that in no country is fashion so thoroughly at war with law."

"But how can you affirm that the inclination of these people does not in this instance second the legislation?"

"Because, famished in public, they increase the private meal ; the rout and the concert, for one night, do the duty of the play-house and the opera, and patrol the town for the safety of the general dissipation. But here observe the cunning peculiar to this species : these meetings, as though names could consecrate things, are often sanctified with the title of '*Concerts of sacred music*.'"

"And are *what*?"

"Concerts of music composed by persons who had little religion, and sung by those who have less : frequently without words, and if the words be good, they lose their character by the *impos-*

*sibility* of the graces with which they are adorned, and the foreign lisp with which they are tortured. Even this would not go down, if now and then an Italian sonnet did not break the dullness of the word of God. With this leaven the lump is palatable."

"I am confounded."

"You can conceive in the mean time how, in the glare of this Italian sun, the modest plant of devotion must flourish; how much this festive harmony resembles those sighs over which the angels in heaven are said to rejoice; and how correct an image this assembly furnishes of that, which, formed of the spirits of the just made perfect, shall to harps of gold shout the glories of a crucified Redeemer."

"They have *souls* that shall be thus employed. But do these people offer no vindication for themselves?"

Yes, and because some of them, as we have seen, dabble in Holy Writ, they pretend to find their vindication there. It rests upon two phrases: 'Old things have passed away:—' 'What was binding upon the Jews, is not upon us.' As though Heaven had not destroyed the ceremonial law only, but the moral also, and were able to make that false to-day which was true yesterday. Truth, it should be remembered, is immutable; and the morals of this moment will be the morals of eternity."

"Did they never think," said G. of applying this passage as an elegy to departed tails?—"Tails have passed away."

"If this argument fail," continued M. "they have still a scriptural corps de reserve; *the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.*



As if, because the Sabbath was not intended to curb the virtues of man, it were meant to let loose his crimes."

"There is a reading of this passage also," said G. "which Monboddo's system would justify, and which would at once set his creation at ease — 'the Sabbath was made for *monkies*.'"

## CHAPTER VII.

.....

THEY now approached the place of their destination, and found it with all the exterior of a place of worship. And here, gentle reader, let me pause, that I may give you a caution, in which your interest is equally involved with my own; yours, lest you should be improved; mine, lest you should be fatigued. If the damp or the dryness, the heat or the cold, the fears of bad air or good words, the spite of nature or of habit, make a church intolerable to you, put not, I beseech you, your foot upon the threshold. I have already carried you into one church, and if you follow our hero, you must enter another; but if you quit him for a time, you may in the subsequent chapter, find him in scenes more congenial to your taste. If, however, you love him as I love him, or yourselves as I love you, you will go onward, in the confidence that, as you have often escaped with safety from temples dedicated to the enemies of religion, you will be equally fortunate in one dedicated to God. But I take up the thread of my history.

"You are to keep in your memory," said M. as they ascended the steps, "that the madman may be perfectly consistent with himself; he may be like the perfect actor of an assumed character. If the mind has once admitted the delusion, that he is what he seems, he does nothing which can induce it to revoke the concession it has made. Only assume, therefore, that these people have souls, and you will find no interruption in the harmony of their character."



"I scarcely know more than one character," said G. "in which this harmony is preserved; there indeed no chord is strung amiss; but then she *has a soul*."

The preacher took his station just as they entered the building. Time had laid his hand upon him, and had gently wrinkled his brows; they were however wholesome tracks, the furrows of the winter's field, the meet and honorable ornaments of a head silvered by the snows of three-score years. The eye bore its testimony that the revelation on which it rested was true, by indicating how long the soul can survive the body; and its brow, like that arch which bestrides the Heavens, not only said that the storm had passed away, but, like it, prophesied also of a peace which was to come. The words from which he preached were found in the mouth of an Apostle: "Add to your faith, virtue."

He began by telling them, that "the justice which banished man from Paradise, left him also a prey to error; and that the text might serve them to examine two errors which had almost divided the world. "The class who adopt the one," he said, "is without religion; those who adopt the other, pervert it. The first suppose faith or belief to be of little importance if the life be right; the second esteem faith every thing, and virtue nothing. The first error involves an impossible supposition, that the life may be right, if the faith be wrong. Faith is a part of life; it is the great member of spiritual being; it is the heart's blood—the living principle of *real existence*. If then the source of life be destroyed, can life remain? Faith is that part of life which connects man with God; is this portion of it of no

importance? It is that part of it with which the soul is concerned—is this insignificant? It is that part which regards eternity; and is eternity then to be trifled with as ‘a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then passeth away?’ But let us examine why faith has this extraordinary value attached to it in the Bible.”

If my readers had any patience, I would tell them all the reasons: they must bear with me while they hear some. In the mean time let me assure them, that patience in their present situation might be exercised without a blush. I know, indeed, that genius is always precipitate, and that perseverance is another word for stupidity; but patience in a church is rescued, by its singularity, from any charge of weakness. This I tell you as a casuist. As a naturalist I tell you (and it amounts to the same thing) that there is no example of patience such as this, elongating the ears, clothing the body in grey and shaggy hair, hanging a wisp of it to the hinder parts, cleaving the feet, and changing the intonation of the voice. With this assurance I restore you to our divine.

“The great end of revelation,” said the preacher, “as it respected man, was to give a Redeemer to a ruined world. The will of God was to rescue those whom sin had endangered. He determined to accomplish this by the death of his son: ‘Sacrifice and offering for sin, thou wouldst not—then said I, Lo, I come.’ The great end of religion, therefore, being accomplished in Jesus Christ, every thing in it must have a reference to him—must be excellent in proportion as it makes him its fountain-head and very element. And such is faith. It is that principle in the mind of the Christian, the work



of God indeed, but which appropriates the merits of Christ to himself. When the Son of God was upon earth, faith was debarred the exercise of some of its powers. Men had then to *believe* the *use* alone of his coming, since their eye could ascertain the *reality of his appearance*. But every day makes additional demands upon this principle. We are called upon to see the past as the present, to realize occurrences that are gone; and as patriarchs and prophets, *before* the coming of Christ, could hurry over intervening ages, and *make futurity past*, 'he was led as a lamb to the slaughter;' so we are required to summon past ages in review before us, to crowd years into moments, to transmute memory into sight, to sink at once the centuries heaped on centuries that obstruct our retrospect, to feel that 'in Him, though *now we see him not*, yet *believing*, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' "This is not all," continued the man of God; "faith secures the two important ends of *humbling man, and elevating God*. Of man it records his fall and his punishment. When it looks to God, it reads his *holiness* in his hatred of crime, his *justice* in its chastisement. It ascribes salvation to his *mercy*, it discovers his *wisdom* in the design of redemption, and his *power* in its accomplishment; 'Christ the wisdom of God and the power of God.' Surveying thus on every side the great scheme of man's salvation, it borrows from every point a brilliant illustration of the attributes of the Deity; from every star in this glorious constellation it borrows a ray to form, as it were, a crown to cast at the feet of Him who is 'King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.'"

"Is it not true," whispered G. whilst the preacher paused for a moment, "in every state, that the larger party give names of reproach to the less?"

"Yes."

"Is it not then possible that the madmen of O. may be wise, and the wise men mad?"

"Nothing," said M. "is impossible in O."

The preacher continued: "The doctrine which asserts an indissoluble *connection between faith and works*, makes faith valuable; for by embodying it in works, it teaches men to respect the principle in the acts to which it leads, and in the principle to honour Him who is its author. It makes faith valuable also in this respect, that it bends it to its second purpose, the advancing the happiness of mankind. "God" (he said in amplifying upon this idea) "*created* men to contribute to the happiness of each other, and in councils, 'without variableness; the works of *redemption* could not change the design of creation. All the principles of Christianity, therefore, and faith among the rest, breathe a spirit of *charity*. They link man to man; they make every one the wheel of a vast machine, of which every part facilitates the motion, and secures the harmony of the whole: 'ye are every one *members* one of another.' No principle of religion then can be good which does not provide a motive for the performance of our social duties, and the exercise of our charities. But faith here takes the highest ground when it teaches us the sublime truth, that 'Christ died for the sins of men.' How will the remembrance of this fact, if it have its due influence, animate man to the rigid performance of his duties.—Christ died to satisfy the demands of justice—



who then but will be just? He died to atone for guilt—who then but would be innocent? He died to soften the miseries of man—who then, in pity to a race he died to save, in imitation of his conduct, in remembrance of his sufferings, will not climb the steep hill, or tread the rude valley, to search the haunts of misery? Who, that lays claim to feeling, can resist the simple eloquence of the Apostle: “He gave himself a propitiation for our sins: beloved, if he so loved you, ye ought also to love one another.” The orator next taught his people, that this connection also made virtue practicable, by giving men a motive to it; without which they make no persevering attempts to be virtuous; and promising them assistance in it, without which they would attempt it in vain. Upon the nature and certainty of this assistance, he spoke with energy. “Natural religion,” he said, “might have taught us that God, the great eye of the universe, ever watches its motions, and secures its safety. But it remained for the religion of Christ to teach us, that one person of the ineffable Godhead is constantly employed to implant holy principles, and cultivate holy conduct in the heart of its disciples: ‘Not by might (the might of man,) nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. We speak not to cherish the fancies of the enthusiast, who talks of immediate communion, or direct revelation from God. Of such intercourse, our religion dreams not. But to those who feel their strength to be weakness, their best resolutions the flower which fades, their strenuous efforts to be capricious and ineffectual: to them we say, their ‘sufficiency is of God;’ to them we say, that the ‘inviolable truth of the High and Holy One’ is pledged to

assist them—"I will give my spirit to those who ask it." Let them remember, that the last declaration from the lips of Christ, with which a disciple, as it were, seals up the narration of his gospel—stopping there as though nothing were worthy to follow it—encourages the hope of the Christian:—"Lo, I am *with you* always, even unto the end of the world."

"Such," continued the preacher, "being the importace of this union of faith with works, it is the wildest of all attempts to sever them from each other. The hand which would disorder this harmony, is lifted against God and nature. 'Faith without works,' is an expression our religion does not assist us to interpret. For us it has no meaning. God has linked them together, and the powers of earth and hell confederate, shall not separate them. Let us not endeavour to do it. Be it our object to convince the unbeliever that the faith of the Christian is the best principle, because it makes the best men.

"But let me not be mistaken. Whilst I enforce the necessity of their *uniting* faith with practice, I would guard against *confounding* them; for, whilst they are inseparable, they are distinct. A good life is the fruit of a good faith; but let not the fruit be applied to the purpose for which the tree is destined. Faith in the merits of his redeemer, justifies man in the sight of God—works attest his justification; faith wins him heaven—works bespeak him fitted for it."

From such a view of faith, this veteran in Christianity seemed to catch new vigour in speaking of it. "In teaching you," he said, "to desire and to embrace this principle as the sum and essence of religion, I am not palming upon you



any cunningly devised fable :—The ‘thousands’ who in every age ‘have not bowed the knee to Baal,’ have uniformly maintained faith to be the only instrument of salvation. The Popes, for some centuries, have been squaring the religion of God to the measure of their own views. Not content with their encroachment upon human authority, they dared to wrest from God the sceptre of his grace. They taught, that if the merits of Christ and the Spirit of God might begin the work of salvation, still man must complete it; and they erected him to be, in some degree, his own Redeemer. Your ancestors saw this, and they resolved to ‘stand in the breach and stay the plague.’ They fought the battles of the reformation, and the shouts of their victory were heard, ‘*Worthy is the lamb who was slain!*’ Nor were their principles those only of the days in which they lived. They had consulted the ‘oracles of God,’ and they found this to be the ‘*good old way*’ of religion. They saw it printed, and even worn with the footsteps of saints, of prophets, and of patriarchs. When the great Apostle of the Gentiles calls up the shades of the mighty dead to record the holy actions by which the service of God has been signalized; he dares not recount their deeds, except in union with the principle from which they sprung. He points to these illustrious men looking through the darkness of ages, their eye fixed and intent upon that ‘Saviour who was to come.’ ‘By *faith*,’ says he, ‘Abraham offered up Isaac; by faith Jacob worshipped; by faith Moses preferred the suffering with the people of God to those pleasures of sin which are but for a moment. Refuse not to add your names to a catalogue of whom it is declared

‘the world was not worthy;’ cultivate the same principles, pursue the same practice, and ‘enter into the same glory.’”

“Take me away,” said Gustavus, “or I shall be as mad as the preacher.”

“Poets teach us,” said M. “that madness may be pleasant; it remained for the people of O. to teach us that it must be profitable.”

“Amongst a people *who had souls*,” asked Gustavus, “would such characters as this preacher and his followers abound?”

“They ought,” answered M. “for they would know that they had souls, which the madman of O. only supposes.”

“What therefore is *madness* in them of O. would be *religion* in me who have a soul?”

“Assuredly.—Whilst they *play* the Christian, it is your business to be one.”



## CHAPTER VIII.

.....

I HAVE already discharged myself from all obligations to do, what no one can do, convey the feelings of a lover to many who never loved. A fragment of one letter with which Gustavus loaded the post to St. Foy, lies, however, beside me and I will copy it. It was not dated Sunday; a singular circumstance, I confess, for a letter written in O. But Gustavus had early imbibed a notion that his religion gave him no more liberty to get amusement on the Sabbath, than to get money. M. had said, "It is the day on which the Deity retired from the contemplation of his works to the contemplation of himself. Should we not imitate him whom nothing can equal?" The sun of Monday, however, found him waiting its approach at his desk, anxious to write to her with whom his heart panted to converse. I do not begin the letter.

"What then, am I to conclude them? The *sane* clergy want nothing of madness but its fire, and the *insane*, nothing of virtue but the name of it. I hear the first preach, and wish myself, like the rest, asleep. I hear the last, and fancy my brain touched by the same hand which has afflicted theirs.

"Can you believe that there are many who never watched the sun opening his eastern window, except through an eye cloudy with a sleepless night? Should we, my Emily, love each other, or St. Foy, as well, if we had lived as they do? Poetry is not always fiction, for it has sweetly said,

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.' Shall I not praise the poet for saying this, when I love Emily for doing it?

"Can you believe also, that there are some who never visited a church but once and then by compulsion, when they were ushered into the world; and will visit it but once again—then too by compulsion, when they are ushered out of the world? As if, though they spoil east and west to adorn themselves for the temples of pleasure, they were resolved to be Christians only in flannels and in a shroud.

"If my sweet Emily could do any thing but weep at the miseries of others she would laugh at the absurdities of their *marriages*. The parents begin the career of education upon this principle, that the first desire of their female offspring should be to get money, and their only power should be to spend it; as you have seen monkeys collect filth only to throw it with mischievous prodigality in the faces of those who pass. M. has said, and it is true, that their method of education declares, with a voice of thunder, they *can have no souls*. If they had, they must occupy some attention; whereas, the fourteen hours during which they are almost awake, are wholly consecrated to body.

"The male offspring (it is obvious why I do not call them man and woman) undergoes a similar process in his education, and comes from the mint stamped with nearly the same features. About marriage indeed they think differently. She desires it, because it is a license to be bad; he flies it, lest it should be an obligation to be good. If, however, the god of wealth, who is also the god of matrimony, permit the match,



they compound the matter. She swears upon the altar that she will love nobody less than her husband ; and he, that he will love every body better than his wife.

“ After such a sketch of them, are you still afraid that I should give any one those affections which you so early made your own ? No, believe it, Emily, I can only love her who will with me feed the flame at the lamp of religion. Intent upon a common end, we must take sweet counsel together for its attainment. But what, I ask again, am I to think them ? M. says they are men *without souls*. It is a charitable idea, for in this case they have not the guilt of neglecting them. It may also be a just one ; for since I who have a soul am what I am, those who have none may be any thing. One thing indeed they could not be—you would never call them *your Gustavus*.”

## CHAPTER IX.

.....

"**YOU** will allow," said M. (edging away from some conversation which had employed them after breakfast) "that we form most of our opinions of others from what we know of ourselves."

"I believe so. I have always imagined, for instance, that Monboddo laid down his proposition about tails, from some private personal discoveries his lordship's accuracy had enabled him to make."

"Of this I know little," answered M.; "but thus far you will allow, that scarcely any argument would convince an Indian who had done nothing but pant and scorch among his ebony compatriots under the suns of the line, that there was a man as fair as you are."

"That is true."

"To carry this farther. If a person were to meet you, and were to say, 'Be assured, sir, your pulse is at a hundred and twenty—your skin is parched—your tongue bleached—your draught insatiable—and not only yours, but such is the state of many—such is that of the nation—be blooded all, or you perish'—what should you conclude?"

"That he had a fever himself, and therefore gave me credit for being in the same condition."

"If then I could shew you some of the men of O. affirming publicly that other men have no souls, who assuredly have—arguing about them, and treating them as though they had none, what would be your conclusion?"



"That the book of our Spaniard was a satire upon the people of O. and that what he imputes to the Americans was true of them."

It was about two, when M. in consequence of this promise, carried his young companion to the house where the representative senate of O. is assembled.

"A senate of this kind," said M. as they walked, "is an assemblage of a few men, who are supposed to represent the interests of the community."

"Apparently then," said Gustavus, like the  $x$  and  $y$  of algebra, little enough in themselves, but sometimes respectable for their unknown signification."

"These of course," continued M. "among a people endowed with souls, will be carefully selected. In O. man is but a body; and therefore as Frederic (falsely called the Great) said of war—'La guerre est dans les *ventres* des soldats.' Members sometimes grope their way to the hearts through the appetites of their constituents: Merit accordingly means strong beer in the nomenclature of the senate of O."

It was some hours before our travellers could contrive (for the crowd) to squeeze each an ear within a door, which displayed to their strained eyes the senate of O. "Considering they are nothing but bodies themselves," said G. "they might have a little more respect for ours."

"You will find," answered M. "hereafter that they have none for their own."

The debate had begun, and a speaker was at that moment upon his legs. M. had purposely concealed the subject of discussion from Gustavus, as he was unwilling that any part of the im-

pression it was calculated to communicate should be wasted. G's first employment, therefore, was to discover the object of the speaker. Amongst the earliest words which caught his ears were these: 'What grounds of complaint are there, where twenty inches are allowed for the stowage of each?'—"This must mean bales of goods," said G. The crowd was so great, and indignation or applause rendered the assembly so clamorous, that an interval elapsed before another sentence reached him.

At length said the orator, 'They are driven to a fair market, and sell according to the condition in which they are.'—"They must be live stock," thought our hero. Again he listened: The colour of their skin, the flatness of the forehead, the smallness of the under jaw, their malignancy, and their dullness, create considerable doubts as to the species in which they should be classed.'

"They are *monsters*," said G.

There was another moment in which nothing found its way to our auditors. Truth, however, has lungs of iron, and the concluding sentence of the harangue echoed along the remotest walls. 'The days of chivalry—let us be thankful—are gone, and those of sound wisdom have succeeded. Expediency has asserted her rights, and taught us, that what is profitable alone is right. Let not then a canting philanthropy go quixoting for adventures upon the fields of humanity. If you tell us that cruelties are exercised upon the parents, we give this sufficient answer—*buying is cheaper than breeding*.'

"It is no monster," thought G. "of *our* hemisphere, for men would not dare to justify such treatment of them by such reasoning. Tell me,"



said he, breathless with impatience, "is this man (from his technical language) a butcher, or a representative of butchers?"

"They are excluded," answered M. "from the juries of O.—Would they, think you, be admitted into her senate?"

"Who is he then?"

"A friend, or a representative of *slave-dealers*."

"Of what monster does he speak?"

"Of men—of men who by birth are Africans, and whom frequently the most complicated villainy makes slaves."

"Let me escape," said G. "I am your convert. I should almost undervalue my own soul, if I thought this creature could have one."

"A people on the opposite shore," said M. "abandoned this trade at a period when they imagined they had no souls. The blacks knew, however, how little men, acting upon such a persuasion, could be trusted, and have perpetuated their liberty by their valour. Men they may not be, but they have shewn themselves heroes."

"You once told me, that those who have no souls, and those who think they have none, resemble each other. Did the people of O. then never imitate the people of whom you speak, by freeing the blacks?"

I was inaccurate. The two species of whom I speak, resemble each other only in what is bad. Far from imitating their neighbours, the people of O. by the superiority of their navigation, have *monopolized* the carrying trade of slaves; and by the number of their islands, they almost exhaust their human cargoes to feed their own shambles."

"By such crimes," said G. they would seem also to wish to *monopolize* condemnation."

"But stay," said M. "this trafficker in blood will surely find an opponent." One was found upon an opposite seat. His eye testified that he had taken within him the sacred resolution of not abandoning the cause till the arm should wither which had so often attested its truth. It said, and, and it had borrowed the expressions at the lips of Him whose vicegerent in this cause he is, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

'I ever meet you,' he said, 'upon occasions such as these, with the most touching sorrow; for I blush that these walls should echo to such a contest as this. But my indignation gets the better of my grief. If I were to be silent, the stones would cry out.'

'This night's discussion calls me and my friends to a combat, where, to the eye of truth, we have been continually victors. We wished originally to have contended with you upon the vantage-ground of *religion*, which forbids man to enslave the creatures whom God has made free. You taught us, that religion was to be used, not as a rule of conduct, but as a tool of interest. We took the field of *justice*, and dared you to shew by what rights you punished those who had never offended. You convinced us, that the justice of a trading community is more remote from benevolence than it is from dishonesty; that is measured by convenience, and guarded by the hangman. We might have touched the string of *humanity*, and might have called up the spirits of a million mangled wretches to swell the tone of our complaint;—but we felt that those feelings which resisted the plain statement of our facts,



would not bleed if men should have arisen from the dead to attest their sufferings. We have at length hunted you to the entangled and dishonorable ground of *policy*, and have heard how men could reason, who made this principle the cornerstone of their system, that virtue is not always virtue—that what is morally wrong, can be politically right.

‘If we are intended to be taught by this doctrine, that in states, *dishonesty is the best policy*, we would answer, that such a sentiment is founded upon a narrow and beggarly view of the consequences of human actions. It is an universal law, that *like begets like*; and consequently, evil must produce evil. If, therefore, dishonesty may be profitable for a moment, still it must, on the whole, be pernicious. The life of *man* is indeed so short, that it is sometimes left to eternity to correct the errors of time, and there to punish men for crimes which perhaps prospered here. But the life of *states* is long enough for crime to take its full course; and the political sins of one century are therefore generally visited upon the people of succeeding centuries. Besides, we would have such shallow reasoners consider, that though dishonesty may seem to strengthen the hands of a nation, by putting at the moment a new weapon into them, yet other nations will soon feel themselves privileged to use the same weapon; and we shall get nothing by villainy, when our competitors are equally villains. And still further—though a bad principle, applied by legislators to a particular end, may seem to profit us, yet it is impossible to calculate the evil consequences which may eventually spring from the national recognition of such a principle. They who

have acquired a kind of familiarity with slavery, are dangerous to freemen. In whatever degree they influence the legislative policy of their country, in that degree their influence is mischievous; and since the effects of crimes can never be definitely foreseen, we know not but that those who have touched the awful bulwarks of liberty, may at length assault her inmost citadel. But if those who maintain 'that what is morally wrong may be politically right,' mean to teach us, that a *nation is under no necessity of employing the same moral law as individuals*, I would then ask of them—What number constitutes a nation; whether the interposition of a mountain or a stream can change the eternal rule of truth; whether nations are not made up of men, and therefore their duties are not the duties of the individuals who compose them? It is found in statics, that systems of bodies affect each other, as if they were respectively collected at their centres of gravity. It is equally true, that the mutual relations of states should be regulated by the same maxims which influence the mutual relations of individuals, and that every system of public duty should be founded upon the basis of private morality. Justice is meant, indeed, to begin and to centre at home, but she must grasp in her circumference every point in the universe. Men are not only to wield the sword for their own nation, but they are to carry the scales for every other; and, in all questions of morality, to give to every man the right hand of brotherhood, as fellow-subjects of that God who is the monarch of the world.

'Instead of returning hypothesis for hypothesis, we have argued from the most stubborn and incontrovertible facts.\*

\* See Note A, at the end of the volume.



You might have learned from us, that the capital employed by this trade is comparatively small \*—that in general it is unprofitably employed—that many channels are yet neglected, where the returns would be, at least, as certain, as rapid, and as abundant.† You might have learned that at the most, it employs a trifling part of your navy—that no ships ploughs the African wave without purpling her keel with the blood of multitudes of her seamen.‡ You have been taught also, that a fresh importation is unnecessary to maintain the stock of their plantations. Nature would do the work of this terrible commerce, if you would not thwart her operations.§

‘ You might learn besides, that when you enslave the bodies, you enslave also all that is excellent in the nature of men. You destroy their power and their will to labour. Give them the hands of freemen, and they shall teach you what freemen can do. They will find heads to conceive, and hands to execute, the double of what is now wrung from them by an angry despotism and screwing avarice.

‘ It is a provoking circumstance, that, far from yielding to our opinions, our adversaries refuse to understand them. Many political lessons are read us upon the madness of taking the yoke from those who only value liberty as a means of licentiousness; and who, if they are free, will be barbarously free. But we do not need such instructions. Whilst we insist that the *abolition* of the traffic should be complete and immediate, we ask only for the gradual and measured eman-

\* See Note B.

† See Note C.

‡ See Note D.

§ See Note E.

icipation of those who are already slaves. There is an infinite difference between choking your prisons with no more captives, and rashly liberating all who have been confined there. Your prior conduct, indeed, best instructs us why we must not be as generous as we could be. It is one consequence of vice to make virtue difficult; and your cruelties have so degraded these poor creatures, that they would probably lift the hands you freed, against themselves and you. Instant emancipation would resemble the barbarous mercy of dragging those to the light whose organs of sight you had previously weakened by the damps of a dungeon. You must now, therefore, deal out in successive drops the blessings of freedom, when you might have opened the flood gates of mercy upon half the world. But whilst we plead only for gradual emancipation, and ask you but by degrees to file away the chains from their bodies, we call upon you without a moment's delay, to force away those which shackle their minds. It is knowledge, and religion, which, when generally diffused, constitute that pre-existent soul of liberty, that will render practically free any form of government it may animate. These temper liberty where it is, and create it where it is not.

‘Such are the facts and opinions we have stated. What is their effect upon you? You have not confuted our arguments—you could not controvert our facts; but with a stupid hostility, you have gathered up and launched again the darts which the shield of humanity had repelled.—Once more then we call upon you to desist from this legalized butchery. We once more beseech you to gladden the eye of Heaven, by displaying to



it, in this island, one spot at least in its creation, where this detestable traffic is without a patron.— This is the last appeal we may be allowed to make, or you to regard. The cause of this miserable people has been long enough, matter of cold speculation, or cruel contempt: even now, clouds have gathered, in the western hemisphere, which threaten to burst over us in showers of blood. Every day seems big with the most awful prophecies, that, if men any longer refuse to liberate Africa, God at length will make her free.’

There was that in Gustavus which vibrated to every chord that was swept. “Such a man,” said he, “almost redeems his countrymen from censure.—Who is he?” asked he.

“An *Enthusiast*,” answered M. “one of our madmen—a man, as they of O. define it, who may, indeed, love God, but certainly hates his fellow.”

“O! for an atmosphere,” said G. “which would make such madness ‘epidemic.’”

“Such an atmosphere,” answered M. “is the very breath of Heaven.”

“The people of O. then, possibly, could not live in it?”

“Not as they *do live*,” said M.

## CHAPTER X.

.....

“THE verses,” said G. “which you repeated to me on our journey, were not your own?”

“I told you,” answered M. “that you would never know their author. Love however, of every kind, and sorrow of some kinds, dispose the mind to versify; and the last made me a poet for the first and only time in my life. It was a tale which a dark harp alone could tell—the breathing of a wounded spirit.”

G. was silent; for there was an expression in the countenance of M. which taught him that he was endeavouring to lose his wo, in the same bosom where his child was laid.

“There take the verses, my Gustavus,” continued M. “This you may believe, that I have not played the poet’s part of adorning my child with graces which did not belong to him!—there was in him a seed of piety which promised every thing. One day I saw him a wholesome plant—his root spread around him, and the dew lay upon his branches—I passed by, but his place knew him no more! Take the verses; and if they shew you that I am no poet, they will at least convince you, that he who took my child, had mercifully taught me how to lose him.

‘Yes—thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;  
‘Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing:  
‘Our dark affection might have hop’d thy stay,  
‘The voice of God has call’d his child away:—  
‘Like Samuel, early in the temple found,  
‘Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,  
‘Oh! more than Samuel bless’d, to thee ’tis giv’n,  
‘The God he serv’d on earth, to serve in heaven.”



Gustavus had read these lines, and was musing upon them, whilst M. sat plunged in thought. At length said M. "I know no fitter opportunity than this of making you acquainted with those circumstances of my life, which drove me to St. Foy. It has long been my wish; and accident, in the conversation we have had, has furnished a kind of preface which makes my task sit lighter on me; I must not, however, dwell upon the minuter parts of my story;—not that my memory would fail me, for every moment as it went has stamped some image of itself on the tablet of the heart. But I willingly forget, or I should relate things which would wound us both without improving either.—I give you this story, because entire affection detests reserve, and because I am willing to justify to you my retreat from the active duties of my being to the rocks of Switzerland."

"It was a retreat," answered Gustavus, "to which I owe my all, and which therefore *I* could scarcely blame."

"Give me a respite," said M. "till the evening. This beaten hulk of mine always seems to ride the waves more bravely when the sun has visited it."

## CHAPTER XI.

.....

“ I pass over,” said M. “ the earliest hours of my life, and begin at the point from which I date my present fortunes. My situation gave me rank, and most of those things which men principally covet. My mother was a second time married to a person loaded with titles. They were both, perhaps, of inferior talents ; and both, but he particularly, paid a more devoted homage to wealth than might be expected from those who have long been familiar with it. I had one sister, many years younger than myself : she inherited from her mother great personal endowments—but her mind was cast in a finer mould than that of her parent. That quickness, which is in some degree the property of her sex, was eminently hers. With an almost painful rapidity, her winged thoughts roved from topic to topic, ornamenting always where they lighted. Her gaiety was such as almost laughed me to sadness. I may say also, that she was frank, constant, and affectionate. Qualities such as these she had in common with others : but, alas ! she had a *sensibility* which was all her own : it was diseased—it was her ruin. Religion is the natural guardian which Heaven has given to sensibility ;—governed by this, if it sow in tears, it will reap in joy. When I saw, therefore, that in her education the last was cherished to the exclusion of the first, I saw, as it were, the fillets put on, in which this sweet victim was to be led to the slaughter. I had early in life received the impresssions of religion, and



they had been the means of, in some degree, separating me from my family. My father, and his successor in my mother's love, overlooked me as one who refused to climb those heights which made them giddy; my mother herself feared me as one, who in her career of dissipation, haunted her as a kind of external conscience. I was not called upon to mingle in her triumphs, although in her distresses she ever sought a refuge in my arms. With my sweet *Emily*, however ————”

“Was her name *Emily*?” said Gustavus.

“It was,” answered M. “We both love the name. With her I had some influence; and, on many occasions, I employed it successfully,—but against her *sensibility* always in vain. ‘You must learn, my *Emily*,’ I have said, ‘either to be a Stoic, or to be a Christian. To be a Stoic, is to destroy the feelings, and of course, to be in no danger from them.’—‘This,’ she answered, ‘is the virtue of a coward. ‘To be a Christian,’ I continued, ‘is to give the feelings an object, round which they may play without peril. Christianity thus tames the mob of sentiments, without butchering them; and like the fabled transmuting power, turns all it touches into *gold*.—‘If it did,’ she said, ‘we should all be Christians.’ Such conversation issued differently. Sometimes all good was borne away on the wings of unconquerable levity. Sometimes she would weep; but then she would run from me, to shed as bitter drops for an insect who had crushed a limb, or a flower which the wind had torn. My employments in the army carried me out of the kingdom, and I remained abroad more than four years. I hurry over this interval to describe the melancholy state in which I found matters on my return. The

wheel of life had not waited for me, but had carried away with it every relic of domestic joy. Three months after I quitted her, she had thrown away the jewel of her affections upon one of the creatures who make up the high circles. His person was fine; and in his knowledge of the heart, and his power to deceive it, he was inferior to none. In the catalogue of the world, he was a man of honour; in the eye of Heaven—I judge him from its works—he was a villain. A tone of sentiment, with which he well knew how to colour his conversation, had won the affections of Emily. In her present situation, however, he could enjoy no more of his triumph, than to harass the heart which he had gained. Some months brought an admirer of another character to her feet; and whom her parents, distrusting the intentions of the first, solicited her to marry. For half a year she resisted; she wept, she prayed. It was in vain. Every domestic manœuvre was played off to make a vicious sensibility take the part of parental authority, and she at length yielded a breaking heart to her mother's desires. This mother led her to the altar, like the Grecian princess,\* a sacrifice to a parent's follies. The head, in minds such as her's, is ever the dupe of the heart, or Emily would have known, that, though such authority may deny, it cannot oblige;—though it could prevent her from marrying, where they thought it would not make her happy, it could not force her to marry, where she knew it would make her miserable. For a short time, the steady efforts of a husband to give her pleasure, the gaieties into which he plunged her, and the witcheries of novelty, had their effect; and she was half as happy as she could have been. Another

\* Iphigenia.



er month, and every eye saw the star of her happiness begin to set. She was a sickly plant.—The airs of heaven were too rough for her, and the suns of heaven too faint: she asked a heated and artificial soil, and she had not found it. Her husband was sensible, but he was somewhat dull; he was in love, but not with her follies: he was without vice, but then he was also without romance. He had heard from her before their marriage, the candid history of her own feelings, and had told her that ‘a part of her heart was better than the whole of another’s; and that a never-failing love would win from her the little she withheld.’ Such love, it is true, in a mind strung quite as it should be, will frequently drive all the tide of the affections into its proper channel; but he who had never studied in the school of sensibility, could have no conception of the mighty and mysterious working of a heart like her’s. The resources of dissipation are poor, and he soon saw her eye sicken at the painted bubbles with which he had fed it. He was without religion, and therefore could not warm her heart with that flame which expels every unhallowed fire. In her virtue, however, he placed an unlimited confidence; and with a rash generosity, he resolved to restore her peace by the sacrifice of his own. He invited to his house T——, the destroyer of whom I spoke; and who still, from the den of his debaucheries, kept the eye of a tiger on his prey. He came: her old fires rekindled—the eye again was lighted—the cheek flushed—the nerve strung—and her husband saw her all he wished her—but not for him. The consequences of his experiment now made themselves felt:—he hoped to restore her spirits, but he had revived her love. Concealment on either side was impossible. He

was too fond to bear a rival ; and she too ingenuous to pretend an affection which she now felt less than ever. They agreed therefore to part ; and she resolved in future to see neither T—— nor her husband, or to receive them only among the crowd. Soon, however, T—— was singled from it, and scandal imputed to her the crime she had not committed. She was deserted ; and what was scandal, became truth. Conscience is sometimes blind to *feelings* ; but when the mind is not seared, as with a heated iron, she fixes upon *acts*. Emily in one moment saw her crimes in their darkest hues, and her ebb'd virtue began to flow. She had a child, of which T—— was the father ; and for a moment she forgot her crimes in the riots of a mother's love : but with this companion she might have learned again to embrace her vices ; and Heaven, in mercy, took it from her. It was at this moment that T—— also forsook her. He had plucked the fruit, and then tossed this rifled and withering branch to the burning which awaited it. My wife and child had long been dead ; and therefore Emily, as to human things, was all in all to me. She was that little bark which I meant to pilot through the perilous seas of life. I felt, therefore, during my residence abroad, that sickness of the heart, which hope long deferred never fails to create. Picture to yourself, then, the moment when I landed from the eastern world, unacquainted with the events of more than a year. Go forward with me a stage. At every point I met a dagger ; for every hint or question was answered by a crimson fact. I hastened to a cottage which she occupied, and saw her rush, almost a spectre, into my arms. *Could* I thrust her from me ? She was too young in



guilt, however, not to be ashamed of it, and she fell from my neck to my feet. As her fine hair circled about my legs, I remembered a *sacred* picture which resembled this. It taught me what I might hope concerning her; and left, I trust, nothing but virtue in my anger. You must conceive what followed.

“ In subsequent conversations, I soon saw the value of those principles with which, in her earliest years, I had endeavoured to make her acquainted. They are like stars, whose fires seem quenched for a time, but which another round in the wheel of nature restores. Our meetings were continual; for I said to myself, ‘ Does *He* not wound the heart, to give an easier passage to the arrow of truth?’ I did not first attempt to check her sorrow, but rather opened fresh avenues for it. I have said (with what pain this furrowed cheek will tell,) ‘ It is a matter of grief indeed, Emily, that you have cast off the decent drapery of life; that you have burst the bond by which society is held together; that you have given your example to the cause of vice: but this is the bitter draught—that you are at enmity with God—that you have pierced the side of Him who perished for you.’ She would answer me by one of those tumultuous sobs, which seem to say, ‘ if I had fountains of tears, I could weep them.’ ‘ Penitence,’ I used to tell her, ‘ asks more than a tear or a sigh. It must *sorrow*, indeed, and with a sorrow measured by the purity of that God whom we have offended: but this is only its first step in the celestial course. The second is *prayer*, the animated prayer; for the arrow which would reach the clouds, must part from the bent bow, and the strained arm. A stubborn, but humble

effort at amendment follows these, and attests their sincerity. These, borne on the insense of a Saviour's sufferings, *shall* find their way to Heaven.' 'That Saviour's suffering,' she said, 'are the anchor on which I lean!'

"I must not dwell, my Gustavus, upon our subsequent meeting, but hurry on to that period which shut her from the world forever. I may tell you, that the hand of the Most High so touched her heart, by the agency of his spirit, that I cannot doubt her tears are registered in Heaven. For nine months I watched her through the stages of an unremitting penitence. She was humbled to the dust she trod on. The asking eye continually informed me when the heart was prostrate: the subject of her hourly lamentation was, that she could not make any reparation for the wrongs she had done. 'Do you try to repair them, my brother,' she said; 'by holding me up as a beacon to others.' 'God,' I answered, 'will repair them by making the warning effectual.'

"During the many months I spent with her, I saw her health visibly decline. I brought her to sea, in hope that some breeze of the Atlantic might carry healing in its wings. But if the body languished, the soul seemed daily to be shaking off its incumbrances. The smile of religion seemed now, at intervals, to banish its tears. At this period, I cannot describe to you the moments of solemn joy and of soft melancholy we passed together, when with minds tuned to each other, we used to contemplate those scenes of nature which call up our better feelings. There was something in her sight, which sanctified the scenes over which it wandered. Hurrying over present things, she ever borrowed some touches from futurity to



give them a celestial colouring. It was once, on a summer's evening, when she hung upon my arm, and opened her beating forehead to the western breeze, that she watched the sun sinking upon the breast of the waters. I shall never forget the tumultuous emotion with which she pointed to the *setting orb*, and fastened her full eyes upon me. I was too intimate in her mind not to feel her sad meaning.

"Wearied with motion, she expressed a desire to be carried into Switzerland. We did not reach St. Foy. She scarcely counted the suns of thirty days, when she called me to her dying bed. Her disorder had little impaired her beauty; for consumption had hung its hectic wreath upon her cheek, and her eyes had that artificial light which always visits them before they are to close forever. I could almost have thought it that incorruptible body which is to be the soul's last covering. The alarms which had hitherto haunted her, seemed now to have left her for a more celestial inhabitant. She spoke with a holy confidence of her forgiveness.—'He has borne our sorrows'—by *his stripes* 'we are healed.' 'If grief,' she added 'has any part in moments such as these, it is because I must leave you—but I seem to *feel* it is not forever.' This thought had called the last tear to her eye: we wept, and we prayed together. One hand rested upon the book of God—it was opened at the page where the history of another penitent is found. 'Is it not written,' she attempted to say, 'Neither do I condemn thee?' Her lips closed upon the words. 'It is, sweet spirit, and thou art *gone to sin no more.*'

"This is not all. A scene of horror was still to be transacted upon this darkened stage. I cross-

ed the seas with all that now remained to me of this cherished sister, and I then accompanied the body to the burying-place of her fathers. It was on my journey thither, that a servant galloped up to the procession, and asked to whom it belonged. He rode with us till we met a carriage. I saw upon it a ducal cornet, and stopped instinctively. '*Who is it?*' said some one that had shrunk with a kind of superstitious dread within. The servant told him. At once a hand darted through the window, and the man received a violent blow upon his breast. '*Villain, you lie; ask again.*' The man said, 'I have asked; it is *Lady Emily.*' No answer succeeded—but in its place, that wild and ferocious laugh, by which madness tells it has not a tear to shed. He became frantic. It was T. Heaven had crazed the brain which had conceived this mischief; and he stood, like some oak which the lightning scathes, the gloomy monument of its hallowed indignation. His furies have never quitted him, but for moments, in which he might again learn his guilt; and again bleed for it.

"I have little more to add. My constitution was shattered by my eastern campaigns; and the scenes which succeeded, rendered me unfit for society. I have often told you, my Gustavus, of the manner in which your dying father, a soldier and a Christian, gave you into my hands. It is in a bloodless field he reaps his laurels. The heart has a mournful satisfaction in familiarizing itself with its own sorrows; and in Switzerland, I knew they would meet me at every step. I therefore carried you thither; and excused my absence from a world which I could not serve, by my devotion to you whom I could. You must teach.



them that they have not been wronged by my desertion."

There was no reply.

M. said, as he rose to quit the room, "I told you I was more than once a poet. These verses are on the tomb:

" Weep not for us, thou sainted child of light ;  
No shade of wo shall dim thy bright abode ;  
Our raptur'd eye hath trac'd thine upward flight ;  
Faith pierc'd the veil, and pointed to thy God.

" Nor vain the vision—if unhallowed joys,  
By vice illum'd, the truant heart inflame,  
Thy name, Emilia, shall the small still voice  
Of conscience whisper, and a soul reclaim.

" God of Elijah, to thy servants give,  
As erst, the robe which joy'd the prophet's eye ;  
Oh ! from *her sorrows* let us learn to live,  
Oh ! from *her triumphs* let us learn to die."

## CHAPTER XII.

SOME days elapsed before they renewed their enquiry. It was one morning that M. lifted his eyes from those daily prints in which constitutions are pressed upon the people of O. and in which the little character they have is taken away, with this remark—"This people is very *ingenious*."

"If Monboddo is right," said Gustavus, "naturalists make this a quality of their species—that it is to be *ingenious in mischief*."

"The term *mischief*," answered M. "is equivocal. What is right, according to one race, is mischievous according to another. It is right, according to the white ants of Jamaica, that they should eat sugar-canes. According to the white merchants of Jamaica, nothing can be so mischievous."

"To what does this lead?"

"It is a justification of nature's monkies, and paves the way for a justification of Monboddo's. According to you, the madness of O. or religion, should become epidemic; according to the men of O. it should be extirpated. Neither, according to my reasoning, is to be condemned; for you reason as having a soul, and they reason as having none. But the question of '*ingenuity*' is separate from this. Ingenuity, in great part, consists in fitting means to ends. The people of O. think this madness an evil; ingenuity will display itself in the means which are employed to banish it."

"What are these means?" asked Gustavus.



"They are innumerable, but they have one hospital appropriated to it. As those who are already infected, in general refuse to enter it, its governors employ it chiefly to ward off infection. It is not therefore so much medicinal as preventive."

"Shew me something of its nature."

"The first great object of the contrivers is to secure the delusion of the patients; and as names are always found to govern weak minds, they sometimes entitle this hospital The School of Virtue."

"They mean, I suppose, the *virtue* of *O*."

"Which, to be sure," said M. "is another name for vice. But this," he continued, "is not the only advantage they take of the infirmities of the nature with which they have to deal. It is known, for instance, that this people are insensible to sufferings, if they do but suffer in society; as moths seldom come alone to the flame, but seem there to seek their pleasures only because their fellow moths have perished there. The hospitals therefore are so constructed as to admit a number of patients at the same moment. Again, you are to remember, that this is a kind of moral cure to be practised upon a half-reasoning animal. In such a creature, the influence of the *senses* is without limit. It is these therefore, which the governors caress. These once enlisted, the heart soon falls into the ranks."

"As lion-hunters," said G. "secure the dam, in order that the cubs may follow."

"To this end," continued M. "the ear is dosed with music, and the eye with painting."

"May not this," said G. "have another advantage? As the bite of the tarantula is cured by

music, so the bite of this madness, or religion, may have its remedy ; in a strong infusion of the fine arts, taken the last thing going to bed."

"I ought to tell you," said M. "that, relying on that influence of names which I have mentioned, they call their different movements and operations in the eyes of the patients, *holding the mirror up to nature.*' And, indeed, this is in some degree true. But then they take special care to select some of nature's *worst* specimens for this exhibition. They rake society to the very dregs, to produce objects for the entertainment of eyes perhaps hitherto unsullied by scenes of vulgarity and vice ; they shew nature naked, in short, to many who would otherwise have seen her only clad in the decent dresses of civilized life. I need not tell you, that a familiarity with vicious scenes and characters is seldom profitable. Man does not want to be taught how bad he may be. He who generally finds himself above par, will think himself privileged to grow worse ;—and he who continually looks into *the mirror* reflecting nothing but bad faces, will think himself handsome whilst he has a single feature better than the rest."

"Every fact," said G. in the account of this people, makes the hypothesis of their *having no souls* more probable, by always proving them to have some quality in common with animals which certainly have no souls. It is said of the camelion, I believe, that it takes the colours of whatever object it looks on ; and like it, the people seem, by your account, no sooner to look on vice, than they become vicious."

"The next point at which they aim," continued M. "is to prepare the patient for the reception of their own drugs, by the removal of some im-



pediments which his nature or his habits may have introduced. Such are his *prejudices about the character of God*; his *respect for virtue*; his *hatred of vice, as such*: in males, the *love of peace*; in females, the *love of modesty*. We must separately examine the wards in which these several operations are carried on."

"Can there then," said G. "be more than one opinion about God?"

"Without doubt," answered M. if every one manufactures his own. The Greeks had sixty thousand gods, each of whom had qualities for which a man would have been hanged. This hospital is employed to physic down those notions about God, which their ancestors and their bibles (sad abettors of enthusiasm) had bequeathed to the people of O. Now mark the process. A company of intellectual physicians is engaged, who make use of all the artifices of dress, gesture, action and elocution, to instil the necessary doctrines."

"Is it not found," asked G. "that these *orators* (for such they appear to be) are in all cases entire converts to the doctrines they deliver?"

"It is," replied M.; and it is, perhaps, the only profession in which this is true. Their lives attest their sincerity. We record the virtues of any single one, as we should the health of a man who, alone of millions, should have escaped the devastation of a plague. As to the mass, they are amongst the most dissolute characters of O."

"Fit lectures," said G. "for 'the school of virtue.' It is, however, plain, that if the *orators had souls*, they would have too much regard for them to engage in such a profession; or if the

people had souls, they would have too much humanity to suffer them."

"But let us return," said M. "These medical orators violate the dignity of the Most High, *by taking his name in vain, by scoffing at his rules, and by impugning his nature.* This is not enough: they not only thus tear him from his throne, but they bid an idol usurp it. *Love* is the divinity of the hospital. Will you have a proof of this?—One of them has been thus heard to address a procuress: 'Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee.'\* This idol asks all that Heaven asks of its worshippers, and also borrows its language. 'Men,' said one of these priests of Venus, 'are generally hypocrites or infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither faith nor zeal: how few, *like Valentine*, would persevere unto martyrdom!'† Woman, according to this theology, is the real heaven of man. We find a worshipper of this altar, in a fit of devotion, thus addressing a female:

'There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—  
'Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
'Eternal joy and everlasting love.'‡

It has joys also so exquisite at its nod, that Heaven must condense time to equal them. It was of a single kiss, one Bellamour pronounced, *Eternity* was in that *moment*.§ This love also grasps, and will hurl the thunders of futurity. 'My soul,' says some one, despairs to be forgiven, unpardoned, love, by thee."||

"These sons of Galen," said G. "get their diplomas, I suppose, from Paphos."

\* The Relapse.

† Love for Love.

‡ Venice Preserved. § Old Bachelor. || The Stranger.



"Let us go on," said M. to another ward. In this it is intended to wean the patient from that love of virtue, and hatred of vice, as such, which are the only particles of the celestial nature he received, that Adam transmitted to his sons. In a *world without souls*, ridicule is the test of truth. The first attempt, therefore, of the orators in this department, is to make *virtue ridiculous*. For this purpose, they conjure up a parson who is a glutton, a scholar who is a pedant, or a tradesman who is a miser. The great object in these fictitious characters, is to wed hypocrisy to religion, and dullness to honesty. The eye of the patient soon becomes intimate with these shadows, and never afterwards divorces the qualities so joined, from each other."

"Habit," said G. "had in like manner taught me always to associate *monkey* and *tail*, till Monboddó opened my eyes."

"To make vice attractive," continued M. "an operation of the same ward, they adopt two methods. They call in the most amiable qualities as its inseparable *allies*; and they make it *successful* whenever it takes the field. If, for instance, the personage is debauched, they give him generosity; if a spendthrift, he has good humour; if a breaker of laws, he is also a breaker of heads; if a ruffian, he is still a *conqueror*. The hollow skulls of O. hug the bad *qualities* for the sake of the *company* they seem to keep; and deem *success* an unequivocal testimony of merit."

"In like manner," said G. "men ought to embrace a carcass for the sake of the spices with which it is embalmed; and should acknowledge the religion of Mahomet to be the true religion, because it has more disciples than that of Christ."

But you have yet to tell me how they attempt to make the 'males ferocious' and the 'females immodest.'

"They are the works of different divisions," answered M.; "but I can dispatch them in a breath. A physician in buskins undertakes the first, and accomplishes it by shewing *pride* to be the *only virtue*, and *revenge* the *only justice*. *Modesty* falls a victim to a singular property in the female patients. The cause of it is as entirely concealed as the cause of gravitation—but whenever they enter the hospital, however much they blush at home. there they are never seen to blush. The sun of decency seems from that moment to have set upon them, and to have withdrawn all its variety of colours. The orator profits from this infirmity; he feeds the ear with sounds to which a disempered imagination soon begets ideas, and the eye with scenes which are beheld only to be realized."

"But such a poison," said G. "must surely be of momentary operation. Constitutional purity, and the honest airs of the world will restore the patient?"

"On the contrary, it seizes on the blood, and like quicksilver from the body of the miner, oozes at every pore. The eye forever after sees objects in an inverted position. Licentiousness is mistaken for spirit, and a reformed rake is esteemed the best husband."

"As if," said G. "submission to our own appetites could be a sign of courage; or bread were to be gathered from the poisoned branches of the tree of Java."

"I should tell you," continued M. "another end which is accomplished in this edifice. The



rulers of O. think that of all aristocracies that of virtue is the worst, and therefore hasten to blot out those feudal distinctions which used to separate the good from the bad. In the hospital accordingly, all are collected into a mass—like the bed of Procrustes, it lengthens and shortens men to the standard height."

"The scene," said Gustavus, "must resemble the face of a chess-board, black and white, prostitution and innocence, drunkenness and philosophy, the swindler and the tradesman, mingled in monstrous confusion."

"You see," added M. "the advantages which result from this, to the cause for which the governors interest themselves. Vice begins to walk on stilts, when it finds itself exalted to the same rank with virtue; and virtue learns to despise herself, when she is bracketed with vice. Fellow-citizens, therefore, of this unnatural republic, they soon shake hands."

"Is this institution," asked G "new to the world?"

"It is the height of dexterity," answered M. "to employ those instruments for the cause of evil which have been sanctified by their employment in the cause of good. It was thus that the Prince of Cheats used Scripture on a memorable occasion. This institution, in the hands of the Greeks, was first made a vehicle of praise to the gods."

"Perhaps it is still," said G. "to the same gods."

"It was found, however, impossible to imprison it in the service of virtue, and it was therefore condemned by the first of Grecian law-givers.\*

\* Solon.

Rome refused it a place within her walls, till the same man,† in one moment sheathed his sword in her liberty and in her virtue."

"And yet these were heathens," said G.

"We may almost say," replied M. of a *perverted* religion, that it produces worse consequences than *no* religion. A state without religion, is a watch without the main spring; a state with a perverted one, is a watch under the dominion of a perverse and irregular spring. The first will have no movements—the last will have wrong ones. The institutions of Greece and Rome, accordingly, wanted much of the immorality of this particular institution. I have only one fact to add. During the progress of the most ferocious revolution which ever shocked the face of Heaven, these hospitals, in a neighbouring country, multiplied from six to twenty-five. Now one of two conclusions follows from this: either the spirit of the times produced the institutions, or the institutions cherished the spirit of the times."

"They are then," said G. "either the parents of crimes, or the offspring of them."

"Will you," asked M. "visit this hospital? You are perhaps cased in your principles from all danger."

"I may be so," replied G.; "but because I can bare my bosom to the blast, shall I, by my example, do my utmost to tempt a thousand hectic wretches to the same experiment?"

"You are right, Gustavus."

"And so," said Gustavus, "is *Monboddo*."

† Pompey.



## CHAPTER XIII.

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IT is long, gentle reader, since we have spoken together ; and so occupied am I with Gustavus, that I should have longer absented myself from you, if a suspicion had not rushed across my brain.

Since that Jewish law was done away, which did not allow any man to quarter his arms with those of another family, the genealogical trees of society have been entangled in all their branches. Is it not possible then that some drop of the blood of O. may roll in your veins ? and if so, that you are writhing for an additional proof that you have no soul ? I cannot disappoint you. Such a proof indeed should be essential to your peace ; for it is probable, that, without it, you cannot long continue to live as you do.

Now in every argument between you and me, I reject the authority of both philosophers and the bible, because I know you to be Christians only when it suits you, and to be philosophers only when you ought not. I will argue, therefore, from fact ; for who does not know, that a single instance outweighs a thousand theories ? Human bodies, then, I assert, may be without souls. And why not ? Epimenides, a Cretan, had indeed a soul, but then he says he had also a power of dismissing and recalling it—which shews that he had a power of doing without it. It is remarkable that both himself and his countrymen thought him quite as good a philosopher without his soul as with it. Is the *truth* of Epimenides questioned ? I answer—he was a *Cretan*.

Again, St. Anthony saw his own soul ascend to Heaven, and descend upon earth. Will any one question St. Anthony's authority? I answer—he was a *saint*. Once more :—One J. Browne wrote a book upon a controverted topic, which he dedicated to a queen of O. entreating her royal prayers for himself—‘a man without a rational soul.’ If I am told that this man was mad, I reply—he wrote a book upon a controverted topic.

Fourthly, a certain German, the idol of metaphysicians, has determined the soul to be made up of such qualities, that if no other soul but such as he describes can animate the body, we may rest assured, that none but the German has a soul.

Some will say, this very German\* for the two last years of his life determined himself to be a *goose*. Why then for a long time may not his own nature, or that of his quill, have been transfused into his writings, and his case, therefore, prove nothing? I answer simply—he was the *idol of metaphysicians*.

Again, another philosopher, a professor, and an inhabitant of Rostock, affirms his soul to be wedded to his body, by no stricter bonds than a female nerve, a modern marriage, or an alliance between states. It is an union of convenience, which a reed would break. He himself resides with his soul, and speaks of his body, like Cæsar of himself, in the third person. When his body

\* It is probable the author alludes to the parent of modern philosophy, KANT, who for the last two years of his life believed himself to be a goose, and used to busy himself in pointing out his feathers to his visitors. This is a curious and melancholy parallel to the metamorphosis of Horace.

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is tortured with hunger, our professor says only, "*HE* seems hungry, *I* must feed him." Racked with disease, he only whispers, "*HE* seems distressed, *I* must physic him." If his authority be contested—I maintain it upon three several grounds—He is a *philosopher*, a *professor*, and an *inhabitant of Rostock*,† Before you draw any conclusions from these facts, it is but *just* to mention a theory, which, it has been supposed would solve many of the phenomena of O. It has been conjectured that the souls of this people may have so degenerated, as to dispose them to tenant their fleshly cabins even upon terms which the body may propose. To accomplish this union, such a contract as the following has been imagined :

It is stipulated on the part of the body—

1st. That although the soul dwell in the body, it shall never interfere with it in any of its enjoyments ; particularly in eating, drinking, and licentiousness.—Agreed.

2d. That the soul, as in the marriages of O. shall never shew itself in public with the body.—Agreed ; if the body will at least once a year acknowledge the soul's existence in a church.

3d. That the soul shall never perplex the body in private, except when it is sentimental, or in low spirits.—Agreed.

4th. That the body shall be suffered to sleep while the soul listens to sermons.—Agreed ; if the body will keep watch, should the soul also be disposed to sleep.—Amended upon the suit of the body ;—if the soul may sleep full as often as the body.

† This man is also well known to the literati of Germany.

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5th. That the soul shall not attempt to warp the body to any fanatical practices, such as prostration, kneeling, wiping away rouge, giving away money.—Agreed; although by such external acts the soul's reputation would be admirably secured.

6th. That the soul shall not employ the eyes of the body in reading the bible.—Agreed; as the signing of this contract make the bible intolerable to the soul.

7th. That the soul shall take all the burden of religious duties upon itself.—Agreed, if the body will eat the bread of the sacrament, and kiss the book for a place under government.

8th. That the soul shall never disfigure the face of the body with a blush.—Agreed; when the soul shall be a little hackneyed in the ways of O.

On these conditions the body capitulates, and will receive the soul into garrison.

I translate you this treaty from the language of O.; where, indeed, from the abuse of words, it wears a different aspect. But I see that you reject the theory as visionary and disgraceful. You have no conception of a soul which could submit to such terms, and you must despise a soul that would.

Now then re-examine the cases I have adduced. That men have been without souls, is a proof that you may be. That no other solution can be imagined of your conduct, is a proof that you are.

This point then being established, enjoy, I beseech you, every moment of your bright career. Ye puppets of an empty show—ye figures of an useless series—ye shadows of threescore years—



ye moving dust and ashes—dead to virtue, and furious with appetite, deem the breath of life an enduring substance, and eternity a bubble. Proceed, *illustrious bodies*, to your glorious destination ; eat—drink--sleep--and perish.

## CHAPTER XIV.

.....

WHO does not love Emily?—but she has only glanced across the stage; and being what a woman should be, I must drag her into sight, or even the world's eagle eye will never pierce her retirement. I compound with the world: they shall read a part of one of her letters, if they will also read my preface to it.

The estimation in which females are held, is a measure in our hands of the civilization of states. The *polished* Greeks made Wisdom—a goddess.

M. had remarked this to Gustavus.

"In O. you see," he added, "the thing is otherwise; the males deem the females their inferiors, and consequently give them an inferior education. The prescience of the stronger animal informs him that women cannot *learn*—he takes his resolution—they shall not be *taught*—Who trains a *mule* as he would a *racer*?"

"Mahomet," said G. "has many disciples."

"Where there is no soul, as in O." continued M. "I have no anxiety to stand umpire between the sexes; but where there is a soul, it often lodges its finest qualities in the fairest bosom. I know females in whom, if wisdom has lost any thing of her depth, she also wants all her harshness: in whom, if the lines of science are softened, yet the figure is by no means erased. More than this—if there be a something of vanity in their constitution, and if their thin fluids sometimes evaporate in a levity which is hostile to *religion*—still there is in them a meekness which the



hand of Heaven easily bows into humility, and a tenderness which forbids them to renew those crimes for which a Saviour has bled."

I have been often found a mourner at the grave of M.—and if the reason be asked of some tears which on these occasions have made my cheek their channel, I answer—I weep his piety in an age when a single tomb will bury more ashes than piety can spare;—I weep his mild virtues—I weep his respect for women.

I would not, however, support this philosophy by the declaration of C. Agrippa—that if the fair once wash their hands, by washing a second time, in pure water, they will not sully its purity; whereas men may wash as often as any son of Mahomet, and the stream will yet suffer from the pollution of the flesh it bathes. Nor do I quote the authority of Pliny, who affirms that nature, to preserve their modesty inviolate, turns their faces downwards when they drown—*prona fluitant quasi earum pudori parcente natura*—whereas man exposes his bloated visage to every bird that drinks the wave, or wheels its flight around him. But this I mean to say, that women owe their inferiority to their misfortunes. Give them the opportunities of man, and they would perhaps equal his attainments.

"Letter-writing seems to be singularly their province. And wherefore? They have, perhaps, seen that nature appears most to rejoice in adorning the smaller creatures of their hands—and they ever dip the pen in nature: they seek her pearls therefore in the shells which a prouder foot would crush. This is one reason. Another is, that they make letters a vehicle—nor for glaring facts or

sage opinions, but for those sweet sentiments, and sweeter charities, which are the language and the life of the heart.

Let Emily's fragment speak for her.

"Gustavus, I have counted the days, and then the hours, and then the minutes, since you went; as though, when you saw them in their last shape, you would be startled at the sum of them, and hurry back to stop their progress. I chose at first a short stick on which to notch them, and still continue to crowd it with marks; lest by changing it, I should seem to give you a silent permission to lengthen your stay. I bid you come, not only for my comfort, but for my improvement: the fact is, that I am almost peevish for want of you. You, who always feed your gratitude to Nature's Author in the lap of nature, would scold me for the use I now make of her bounties. I take the same walks we have loved together, but without any of the same feelings. The moon wanes, but she strengthens again; the flower shrinks, but it opens again; G. goes, but he does not return. Neither do her winds bring comfort for me. If it blows from St. Foy—'Gustavus,' I murmur, 'wants the *power* to come:' if towards St Foy, 'Gustavus wants the *will*'—so that *you* and *nature* are culprits in eyes which once could only admire and love you both. You cannot think also how continually I am made to blush for some action or other to which your absence has given rise. If I have painted a head, I am told by some one, that at least one feature of it resembles *Gustavus*. If I sing, some one says, '*Gustavus* loved that song.' I had taught the sweet child my mother adopted, a single name. Can you conceive my confusion, when he exclaimed 'Gus-



tavus,' to a little circle who were round him? Now does not all this force me to bid you return? Do not think me jealous; for I see you walking among the *bodies* with whom you live, almost as calmly as I should see you examining those other *imitations of man*, which the hand of the painter bestows upon us. I only desire of them (for such creatures, you know, can have no *guilt*) to be as foolish and wicked as they can be, that they may be more foolish and wicked than I am. I wonder if the nasty city you are in, ever suffers you to watch the star we have so often watched together. It still comes first of the heavenly travellers: like the eye of night, looking out if it be time for the others to rise. How often has this star lifted my thoughts to its Maker, and scarcely ever without a prayer for Gustavus. If then you receive blessings, think them those which were prayed for you by your Emily."

## CHAPTER XV.

.....

THE science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Emily lectured in the last chapter; in the present I shall conduct the student to the groves of a severer learning. And here, reader, I must once more caution you. If very wise or very foolish, come not with me to this porch of philosophy. For if very wise, I have the vanity to believe, you already think as I do; and if very foolish, you will never think at all. The truth is, that this chapter has a design upon the brains of its readers; and as I should blush to burden the brains already in daily use, so I should be shocked to agitate those whose strings trembled with an idea. If however you are among those who never saw a philosopher, and think the sight of one would not startle you; if you have a plain mind and an honest heart; if the nerves of your head are strong, and you do not heed the gales, not absolutely Sabeau, which fan the temples and cloud the room of a student;—come on—and, in the cause of human nature and common sense, we will take the field against all the philosophers in the universe.

“It will be recollected that the divine of O. had promised to introduce our wanderers to one of her Philosophers. I copy from a letter of G’s the account which he sent to Mad. de N. of this visit.

“It was only yesterday, my dear Madam, that we paid our promised visit. The candidate for preferment ushered us into the room, and then abandoned us to some antiquated skin and bones,



which disfigured a three-cornered chair in it. I soon perceived that philosophy, or at least the philosophy of O. does not always unruffle the brow of care. M. managed the conversation with the art which is peculiar to him; and our shrivelled companion soon proved himself dull, mistaken, and dogmatical. Christianity in his hands was the shade of what it should be. A coiner of systems, he was the victim of his own cheats. St. Foy, my dear Madam, has rescued us from all but—the *sterling philosophy*—the *philosophy of God*: but you shall become a student in the school of O.; your rocks and mountains shall laugh to see what inhabitants they have escaped, and glory in the brown sons of labour who climb them. I send you that part of our conversation in which the theory was detailed, by which the animal wisdom of our philosopher proposes to govern the morals of O.

“I had very innocently made use of the word ‘conscience.’”

“You are very young in these matters,” said the philosopher, “or you would have known that conscience is a banished term: we no more think of it than Centaurs or Phlogiston. *Expediency* is now the only spur or bridle in morals.”

“Now this I ought in part to have known; for if some men who have souls are without consciences how should those who have no souls possess them? But *expediency*, I said within myself, must then be the proxy of conscience in a breast without a soul. The Spaniard does not, however, mention it. My curiosity could not slumber. ‘What, sir,’ I asked, ‘is this expediency?’”

“‘I will give you my system,’ said the sage, ‘to explain the word. The object of all philoso-

phy is to answer the question, 'What is virtue?'" Now then take this fundamental proposition—That "Heaven wills the happiness of its creatures." \* \*

" 'If we include eternity,' said M. 'this cannot be questioned. But those who have mentioned that this life is a "state of discipline," would say that God, *here, wills the improvement of his creatures*; to make them *happy* in another state, by making them *good* in this. But what, sir, can be so evident as your position, that, even *here, God wills simply the happiness of his creatures*? Plagues are plainly sent to release superannuated misery; whirlwinds, to keep the sea from corruption; war, to give young officers promotion; famine, to rest the earth? earthquakes, to rock our cradles.'

" 'It becomes me not, sir,' he answered, 'to examine the consequences to which particular causes tend. This I know, and it is enough, that "Heaven wills the happiness of its creatures." He continued: 'Taking this for granted, my disciple in his search after virtue, will argue thus: "To fulfil the will of Heaven must be the duty of man. To know, therefore, what is my duty, in any particular case, I have nothing to do but

\* Vide Paley's Mor. Philos. This chapter, in the present edition, wears a very different form from that which it put on in the first. The author has thought proper to add to his reasonings upon this important topic, that the grounds may be more clearly seen upon which he presumes to differ from one of the best reasoners of this or any other age. He owes it to Dr. Paley to declare, that he believes, if that excellent man had seen the tendency of his own philosophical opinions, he would have discarded them.



to discover what is the will of God in this particular case ; or, in other words, what, in this particular case, will promote the happiness of his creatures. Virtue, therefore, is to promote the happiness of God's creatures." The great beauty of this system is its *simplicity*. It reduces all the virtues within a small circle, and renders them alike accessible to the highest and the lowest.'

" 'Captious opponents,' replied M. 'might say that it rendered virtue thus *equally* accessible to high and low, by rendering it utterly inaccessible to all; and that it simplified the virtues by lopping away the larger half of them.'

" 'But captiousness, sir, is not argument. Perhaps as you can *assert* for these cavillers, you can also *argue* for them.'

" 'I will attempt it,' replied M. 'They would possibly endeavour to prove the system inapplicable, thus : God wills the happiness of his creatures : therefore virtue is the promoting this happiness. Now in order to apply this doctrine, we are of course supposed to know by what steps or by what results in each case, this happiness would be promoted ; of which however, we are in utter ignorance.'

" 'How so, sir ?' said the startled philosopher. 'You cannot know,' replied M. 'what will advance the *real* happiness of any individual, at the present moment ; and if you could, the happiness of to-day may be the misery of to-morrow ; or the joys of to-morrow the ruin of eternity. I, however, of course do not argue thus, whatever those in whose cause I speak may do. For who cannot see, with you, sir, that the gentlemen of the inquisition do indeed know and promote the hap-

piness of their prisoners (however these prisoners may differ from them,) when they torture away their objections to the see of Rome; and that the African trader is equally a dispenser of real happiness, when he ships his refractory human cargoes—as he says “*benevolently*,” to give them to the sugars, the tepid breezes, and the pure religion of the West Indies? But suffer me still to be the spokesman of your opponents, and to ask you to apply your principles to the solution of a case in life. I see a beggar, almost broken down with the variety of his afflictions. Ought I to relieve him?”

“The sage knit his brow. The distortion of his countenance plainly indicated, either that cases of charity were not those, with the solution of which he was the most familiar; or, that the solution of any case was not with him the labour of a moment.

“At length he said, ‘You should have argued thus: It is expedient for the beggar that I should relieve him? Will it benefit him *now*? Will it benefit him *upon the whole*? Will it benefit *the universe*?’

“‘Let us then,’ said M. ‘reason the case after this manner:—I give the beggar a shilling: he buys mutton with it; the mutton may be mangy, and his health suffer from it. I will give him no shilling. But the disease may dispose him to religion—I will give him a shilling. But if he thinks of religion, and again neglects it, he will have the guilt of neglected opportunities—I would not for worlds give him a shilling. His perdition might make others cautious—I would not for worlds but give it him. Thus before a



point was settled, the chain of reasonings would reach from pole to pole, and the wretch would inevitably starve.'

" 'You push matters too far, Sir,' said the theorist.

" 'Those, Sir, for whom I argue,' replied M. 'would say, this was impossible. In your system, I know nothing, if I do not know all. Before I can justly decide upon the *expediency* of a single case, and therefore upon what is my *duty* in that particular case, it forces me to condense infinity to a point; to decypher the map of eternal Providence; to collect, compare, combine and enumerate the ever-shifting occurrences of futurity, and unerringly calculate their results. If this be true, it is demonstrated that the system of expediency is useless, because inapplicable.'

" At this moment philosophy quitted the bosom of this her favorite son; and those opponents of his theory, whom M. had undertaken to represent, were committed, with considerable emphasis, to all the winds, waves, and furies of the universe. At length, in a voice of mingled fear, curiosity, and passion, he desired M. to attempt the making good their *second* assertion;—that 'his system *simplified virtue by lopping away one half of it.*'

" 'They would reason thus,' said M. 'You have said that "virtue is the promoting the happiness of God's creatures." But can any account of virtue be complete which cuts off all the obligations man owes to *himself*, and all he owes to *his God*? A monarch would exceedingly simplify the government of a province, who should begin by a slaughter of two thirds of its inhabitants.'

“ Now here, my dear madam, I cannot but think that M. forgot the presence in which he stood. Such an argument to me, who had a soul, would have been irresistible ; for it seems plainly to be virtue in him to *save this soul and honour the God* who gave it him. But a few feet of breathing clay can have little respect for itself, and less for the hands which shaped it. A sneer upon the face of the Philosopher soon taught me, that of all arguments, those which related to a soul, the least affected him ; and that of all the weapons which could be pointed at him, spiritual ones were the weakest. I was so lost in my musings upon this extraordinary scene, that I listened to nothing for some time, till I heard M. say, ‘ My objection to the system of expediency is, that it does not take man as it finds him, and employ his nature—but squares the man to the theory, and makes him what he is not, that he may be what it would have him.’

“ ‘ You astonish me, Sir,’ said the sage. ‘ Man is a *reasoning* animal, and my system would in every situation make him reason. He is, before every action, to *compare events* and count consequences. He is not even to succour a parent, or nourish a child, till he has reflected upon, and calculated the consequences of such conduct. It is thus the Scythian finds it *expedient* to dine upon his grandfather, because if he did not eat him himself, his countrymen have so little veneration for age, that they would probably starve him first, and devour him afterwards. In the same manner the Chinese (like the Spartans in this alone) deem it expedient to drown such of their children as they do not admire, in the canals of Pekin ; because useless citizens cannot make a better use of a land



full of people, and barren of provision, than to find a grave in it. Each determines wisely, for "*whatever is expedient, is right.*"\*

"Do you not, my dear madam, tremble before a hand which could thus calmly measure out the vessels of blood? What a system is this, which, when a world is shaking to dust, would set its disciple, unmoved and indifferent, upon the last relic of creation, to weigh in his balance, and number the atoms as they fell? Shall I confess to you, that, bursting with conviction and indignation, I exclaimed, 'If Monboddo had given philosophers as many tails as the Grand Seignior gives his Bashaws, I could believe him.' The philosopher appeared confounded at my exclamation; and it then occurred to me, that, like his brother of Scotland, he might be in that *intermediate* state which would render the mention of *tails* painful to him. If the theory of the Scot be not universally true, may not this be a distinguishing curse gone forth against philosophers? Philosophy has always some secret, and may not this be the secret of to-day?

"M. however soon recalled me from my meditation upon the possible formation of philosophers, and the sage from his lamentation over it, by addressing this master in ethics: 'This is monstrous, Sir. Is expediency to transplant and naturalize the worst crime of barbarians in the soil of O? It has been said that the *virus* of no animal returns upon itself; such reasonings, however, happily carry their confutation with them. But I repeat my accusation;—your system is *not fitted to the nature of man*. Man *reasons* indeed as you say, but then he also *feels*;—*thought*

\* Vide Paley's Mor. Philos.

works in him, but so does *conscience*; the *heart* speaks when the *head* is silent; the *moral instinct* sometimes lives in him, when every other spark of the mind is extinguished. You reduce his powers to those of an arithmetician. You drive him for motives through a ledger book of profit and loss, when he would find the best counsellor in his own bosom.'

" '*Conscience—moral instinct—feeling!*' said the philosopher, and rubbed his eyes, as though to ascertain in what world he was: 'What, sir! using this term *conscience* for some blind, unintelligible, and capricious feelings of the mind, are we to use *her* eyes, and lean upon *her* decisions in morality!'

" 'As the term *conscience*,' replied M. 'finds a place in the bible, it should find a place in every system which pretends to govern the morals of men. But we use it for very different feelings from those which you enumerate. We use it for feelings which the Chinese violates when he exposes his child; and the Scythian when he dines on his grandfather; for feelings, which check ingratitude, which rebel against murder, which persuade to justice, which intimate a God. Of these feelings we say—they are (with innumerable others like these) *defined, simple, and intelligible—invariable in the same circumstances—always at unity with themselves, and with the word of God; and living alike in the breast of all mankind:—we use the term "conscience," for feelings implanted by God, and instructed and governed by reason and revelation.*'\*

\* These several qualities and circumstances should be distinctly kept in-view, in considering the theory of moral instincts. In particular it should be remem-



“ ‘But would you,’ asked our disputant, ‘build a system upon feelings?’ ”

“ ‘They must lay the first stone, and reason and revelation erect the edifice. Laws grow out of these as their first elements. They are corollaries from propositions, which the feelings, thus taught and regulated, establish. I would add one observation : If mankind were not already agreed as to the point, your own system *supposes* the very feelings which you refuse to employ. You would *compute* consequences ;—but must not the mind *weigh* consequences before it can *number* them ? Must we not *value* before we can *calculate* ? In this moral arithmetic, as much as in any other,

bered, that the feelings which enter into the discussion, are represented as *universal, and at unity with the word of God*. Those which are not *universal*, cannot be considered as making up a part of man ; and those which are *discordant with the will of God*, cannot be intended by him to guide his creatures. We would define the *conscience* of a Christian, by calling it “ the mind of a man instructed by right reason, and the revealed will of God.” If it retained its proper powers, that is, if man had never fallen, it could dictate only what was right. But because, by our own negligence, it may be clouded, we should not endeavour to extinguish it, or to frame a system which excludes it. “ *Potest obumbrari,*” says Tertulian, “ *quia non est ; deus sed non potest extinguere, quia a Deo est.*” This account of the *moral instincts*, obviates many objections brought against our theory ; and rescues us from the troop of those who have feelingly butchered half a nation, and conscientiously turned the world upside down. Those who justify *vice by feeling*, and put a dagger into the hand of *sentiment*, are of the school of Rousseau, but never can be of that of Christ.

two is not more than one, till we have *felt* the *value* of two and one. Your theory, therefore, with patricidal hand, would annihilate the very feelings by which alone it could live.'

"I then entreated M. to take a case, and compare the influence of the two systems, by bringing them to act upon it.

" 'I will,' said M. 'We are told that the Duke of Marlborough received a letter in an unknown hand, assuring him that his life depended on his meeting the writer of it in one of the aisles of Westminster Abbey. The Duke went, but so attended, that, whatever the person might have meditated, he carried no plot into execution. Had now the Duke been alone, and the ruffian rushed upon him, and by threats of death extorted a solemn promise, that he would deposit a certain sum in the same spot at a future time—*ought the Duke to have returned to deposit it?* Of this case I would affirm, and you, sir, will unite with me,\* that although expediency should balance the pro and con with an everlasting arm, she would not arrive at a solution. The Duke must, according to your theory, reason thus: "By going I save my life; and others, by taking my line of conduct, may, in similar circumstances, save their's. Expediency therefore directs me to go. But if I go, villany prospers, and the success in this case may be the signal of unlimited extortion. Expediency therefore directs me not to stir a step." By such philosophy, therefore the Duke would have been reduced to the state of a man in the centre of the earth; who (as mathematicians report) would, if he ever escaped from the central point to either

\* Vide Paley's Moral Philos. vol. i,



side of it, fall immediately just as far on the contrary side.'

"But," said I, 'would an appeal to his conscience in this case have done more for him?'

"The moral instinct," replied M. 'would have instantly and powerfully taught him, that he must not become a villain because he had to deal with one.'

"The Philosopher, because, as I suppose, he was beaten upon his own ground, whirled us away through ages, and over seas and continents, to the schools of ancient rome. 'Would you, sir,' he said, 'thus discard the "*utile*" of the ancients, which in fact answers to our expediency?'

"You would in vain," replied M. 'shelter your system beneath a pagan's wing. I would not discard their "*utile*," but I would retain and improve upon their "*honestum*." Those of your school have confessed that the errors to which a mere calculation of consequence leads, induced the ancients to add the "*honsetum*."\* We may believe, sir, that had some of these philosophers enjoyed a revelation to instruct and regulate the feelings, they would have matured the system of which they have scattered the rich seeds to posterity, and have planted a Roman soil with Christian virtues.'

"The Philosopher had read enough Greek to know that generals had gained almost as much renown by a masterly retreat as by a successful contest. Having tried his strong hold, he therefore gave up the field, and skirmished with a few light troops, while the main body made away.

\* Vide Paley's Moral Philos. vol. i.

One of the last assertions, I remember, was that there was a '*fashion* in every thing, and philosophy must wear the prevailing habit, or society will not receive her. Expediency is enthroned in the cabinet, and she must be seated in the schools.'

"Oh, no, sir!" said M. emphatically: 'worlds may die away, but Morality is unchangeable as the God from whose mouth she proceeded. There is a *good old way* in morals, and I beseech you not to wander from it. Heaven gives us *bodily instincts*, and we are glad to profit from them; it gives us *moral instincts*, and we must abide by them. Do not *substitute arithmetic* for *feeling*, nor think things good only because you can *number* their excellencies, but because *God, speaking in the heart*, tells you that they are good.'

"You will observe, my dear Madam, as before, that this address was in many parts only applicable to one who *had a soul*. The philosopher, by his not heeding it, convinced me that *he had none*. M. indeed soon perceived his mistake, into which the agitation of debate had, no doubt, hurried him; and as soon perceived, that such a system as that of expediency, was the only one suited to such a being, and this the only being suited to the system. Nature had published the banns, and it was not for us to divorce them—M. was silent—the philosophy of his opponent was any where but in his countenance—and we quitted the house.

"My beloved madam, I have never been a pupil in the school of *expediency*. I loved you and Emily, not because I *counted* your excellencies, but because I *felt* them. I will learn no other doctrine; for when the power to *number* shall de-



day, and only the *balance* of the sanctuary remain,  
we know of a *love* which never faileth. Thus  
only, therefore, can I be *forever*,

“Your

GUSTAVUS.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

.....

WHEN I introduced Gustavus to my readers, I said he was without a character : but commerce with the world usually either brings out the natural character, or else creates one. Has my reader watched that of our hero as it rolls on, from its earliest flashings in St Foy, to those stronger lights with which his residence in O. has invested it ? If not, let him close the book ; for the mind which sees men as statues, or with no more variety of character than their shadows which follow them, is not the mind which I hope to instruct. If they have, I give them two incidents, which I beg them to add to the others, of which they are in possession.—Let Gustavus after this, if any one would know him intimately, be brought to the glass, and the catechist will be satisfied.

It was now some time since M. had carried him to one of those midnight orgies which are celebrated in O. to the deities of dissipation. I stop for a moment to describe it, because those of posterity, who rake the pages of our days for precedents in vice, may be as curious to hear of these rites, as we are to enquire into the mysteries of the Dionysia and of Paphos.

It has been said, that all the miracles which the Roman Catholics impute to the saints are borrowed from the fables of Heathenism ; there is also a curious resemblance in the two above-mentioned feasts of Greece and Rome, to that of O. which we are discussing. If, to satisfy the God of Vineyards, and the Goddess of Love, it is only necessary that throngs of half-dressed women



should be assembled ; that goblets of wine should crowd the tables ; that the limbs of animals should be devoured, and their entrails thrown into the fire ; that some should hymn the praise, and all should feel the inspiration of love and wine—take again, ye laurel and wine crowned deities, your stations on Olympus, and be assured that the votaries ye have lost in Naxos or in Paphos have built your altars in O.

Gustavus had been astonished, on entering this temple of pleasure, to find the multitude by which it was peopled. “Those,” said he, “who are all spirit (alluding, no doubt, to the winged inhabitants of Pandemonium,) and who are all body, seem, in similar circumstances, to have a similar power of contraction.”—But I go on to my first anecdote.—Gustavus had ventured to remonstrate with a transparent form, to whom he had been introduced, upon the absurdity of some things he saw. A whisper, which would not have burdened a breeze of the south, seemed almost to convey an assent to his critique. “That others then,” said he, continuing the conversation, “should pursue and cultivate them, who are shallow enough to think them right, is intelligible. But what are your motives for doing them?”

“This simply—I always *do what others do*.”

“Gustavus turned to M. “Monboddo has conquered, he said. “We are told, that in countries where cocoa-nuts are found, those who collect them, and who fear to climb the fine branches to which nature suspends them, throw stones at the *monkies* which inhabit the trees, who return a shower of cocoa-nuts—for this *simple reason*, that they *always do what others do*.”

He had sought a refuge from the din of voices in a part of the room which was planted with ta-

bles, at which usually four persons were seated. Each person held in his hand certain oblong papers mysteriously spotted, which he seemed to take up for the very important purpose of laying down again. Their silence was almost without interruption; but their faces, in which occasionally fatigue, anger, disappointment, and avarice, were painted—the cloud of the eye, the curl of the nose, the storm of the brow, said all which the thunders of the tongue could have uttered.

“If these things had souls,” said Gustavus, “and consumed, as they seem to do, three hours per diem of the twelve in this employment, what a curious article it would form in the book of God! *Item*. One fourth of life spent in watching painted papers.”

The historian is privileged to comment upon the opinions of those whose history he writes. I must observe, therefore, that I, who am proud to think with M. can never imagine that he or his pupil measured the eternal interest of a man by the degrees of his hostility to a few particular amusements, or, as in this instance, suspended Heaven upon the turn of a *card*. Some amusements there are which fly in the face of religion; these M. treated as her enemies, and as his own. Others are only equivocal. They have little in their *nature* which piety condemns, but then their consequences are more or less formidable. Cards take their rank among the last. Now shall I be thought presumptuous in attempting to supply a sort of rule by which such amusements may be tried? so that, whilst other legislators are hanging or quartering the vices of mankind, I may endeavour to convict those pleasures from which half these vices have sprung.



Where, out of a multitude of prisoners, the greater part are guilty, he who would distinguish between the criminal and the innocent, will shorten his labour by numbering the last. I would therefore enumerate such amusements as it would be harsh to condemn.

If there is something wholesome in them which almost refuses corruption; if the advantages they produce, balance their mischief if corrupted; if, by scattering their oils around, they contribute to smooth, without poisoning the waves of life; if their direct, or chance expense does not break in upon the treasury which every man keeps for his neighbour; if they are not so closely allied to the amusements of the bad, as to break down the wall of partition between us and them; if they have no tendency to wean society from more profitable employments; if, lastly, they do not encroach upon that handfull of time bestowed upon man to do the business of eternity;—if all this be true of any of them, I will say of him who uses them, he *may* be a Christian, and a good Christian; but I shall still think him the most distinguished Christian who uses them the least. The *good*, like the *great* man, (why, alas! are not the terms convertible?) will ever seek his pleasures in the field of duties; and though he *suffers* mere amusement, will seldom *court* it.

I suspect that the lovers of cards will not now be anxious to bring them to the bar of my judgment. If I am thought severe in what I have said, let me add, as some mitigation of my offence, that these implements of idleness are often found in more conscientious hands than they deserve. If the thread-bare argument is pressed upon me, that the state of society makes them necessary, I bore

row the sentiment of the opposers of our poor-laws—"Destroy the poor-houses; and the poor, having no public hand on which to lean, will use their own." In like manner I would say—banish cards; and society, wanting a refuge for indolence and imbecility, may become active and intelligent. To make the idle happy, is to cut off the only bridge by which they might return to the society of the wise and good. The present age, indeed, according to my plan, must suffer by being robbed of their crutch; but in consequence of it, the next age will walk alone. But I return to Gustavus.

M. had some difficulty in convincing him that he was in a place of amusement. "The Dance of *Death*" of Holbein rushed into his memory, as he observed some of the ghosts which glided down the dance; nor could he conceive the texture of some of the female nerves of O.—which, too feeble for real pleasure, or for active duty, seemed to rejoice in the heat of a furnace, the noise of a cataract, and the wild confusion of a field of battle. Less than all this could he comprehend, how four creatures could voluntarily nail themselves, for a quarter of the sun's daily course, to the same surface of mahogany; could for that period contract with each other to abstain even from the appearance of an idea; and welcome to their breast a thousand feelings which nothing but an exorcist could expel. But I hurry on to my second anecdote.

Some kind of a pause had occurred in their quartette, before their eternal "da capo" commenced, when one of its performers lifted a languid eye to the face of Gustavus; "You have lately come to us?"

"Yes."



“Do you like us?”—He did not wait for a reply—“The king of cities, is it not?—a *sage people—on s’amuse si bien—on ne fait que s’amuser.*”

He resumed his occupation, and Gustavus stood wondering by what curious analysis an inordinate appetite for amusement was discovered to form a constituent part of “*sagacity.*”

It was three days after this, that he was walking with M. in one of the most industrious streets of O.—I mention it only to unfold the character of Gustavus; to shew the aptness with which he associated things that were remote, and the ingenuity with which he made every fact (as lines to a meridian) bear towards the proof of the great position he was travelling to establish. Several monkies were elevated on a stage: and, in spite of the example around them of men, horses, and asses, striving for their daily bread, continued their fantastic gambols, as though they alone had a charter to be indolent amidst a busy creation. Their caprice of attitude—their almost human laugh—their bleached teeth, which nothing could rival but the few sets in O. which are as anxiously displayed, and which bad hours, bad air, and good dentists have in vain conspired to ruin—were irresistible to Gustavus.

Neither could M. resist smiling at the quaint tone in which he uttered “*a sage people—on s’amuse si bien—on ne fait que s’amuser.*”

## CHAPTER XVII.

.....

ACCIDENT had, early in the morning, carried our travellers to the park which we formerly mentioned. Gustavus was surprised to discover six well-dressed men already in possession of one corner, which nature for fairer purposes had clad with sod. Two of these appeared to have some kind of surgical apparatus in their hands. In their faces was painted all that anxiety with which he is familiar, who has watched a pointer suspended on the eye of a cook that is about to deal him out his portion of liver; or a child of Israel panting for the moment when the hangman, having slipped the fatal noose, shall proceed to vend the vesture of the culprit. Two others were obviously busy in adjusting the position of the remaining couple, and at length planted them *vis-à-vis*, in marble dignity, at the distance of fifteen paces. What was our hero's astonishment, when he saw one of the two last, as he imagined, passive creatures, with unruffled nonchalance, level a huge pistol, and discharge it at the breast of its companion! It missed: the other fired, and the first fell. Immediately one of the carrion birds of medicine, of whom he spoke, rushed upon him, and conveyed him in his talons to a carriage. The rest were speedily inclosed in other conveyances, and the party had vanished almost before the wonder of Gustavus allowed him to reach the spot. For a moment he stood petrified and speechless.



M. heard him bursting from his trance by some broken phrases—"Thus to brave the Almighty's thunder—to stake eternity on the turn of a ball—to rush unbidden into the presence of God—to fling away the soul!"

"My Gustavus, you forget they have no souls."

Gustavus smiled. "It is the first time," said he, "that I have rejoiced in this theory; but I can rejoice in any thing which appears to free these wretched creatures from the guilt, in which the transaction we have witnessed must otherwise involve them."

M. inwardly triumphed in the success of his experiments. "Do you remember," he said, "our definition of an idiot?"

"As opposed to a madman," answered Gustavus, "he is a man who argues irrationally from a rational idea: he thinks himself, as he is, a *man*, but acts like any other animal."

"Did not I tell you that an acquaintance with this definition would be of use to us? Behold in the warlike animals of to-day the idiots of O. These are persons, who think themselves (as they are) in possession of more than five feet of flesh and bones; and yet act, when they fight a duel, as though they had not a single inch."

"I long," said Gustavus, "for a proof of this; for I was thinking, that if the notion of a God, and an immortal soul, were removed, this practice was a happy invention to oil the wheel of life."

M. answered: "The creature which inhabits O. is so mysterious, that in discussing any points which concerns his nature, I am continually at a loss. A little superior to what a monkey is, he

is far inferior to what a man should be. Take him now (for nature is ever greedy of gradations) as a kind of connecting link, between man and monkey, and I shall have some grounds on which to reason."

"We shall give him then," said Gustavus, "a little more mind, a little less tail, than Monboddo has vouchsafed him."

"These may be only differences of climate," said M. "But let us proceed. Classing the men of O. where we have agreed to class them, what benefits, I ask, do they derive from duelling?"

"Why, it is desirable," answered Gustavus, "that if one fixes his claws in the eyes, or his teeth in the ears of another—that this last, if his teeth and claws be too weak to retaliate, should have some means of gaining *reparation*."

"In general," said M. "the law in such cases will assist him. It is true, however, that there are situations where the law does not interfere; and in which, without some interference, the character of the injured person might suffer. Now, then, in these you seem to think a man without a soul might employ the pistol."

"I think so."

"Let us examine this point. A is injured by B: would his wrong be repaired by A's proposing, and B's consenting that each should leap the same precipice? If, indeed, he could force B *alone* to take the leap, and the *shortening* another's life could *lengthen* his own, we might detect something of reparation. If, moreover, A, being a rector, were of twice the specific gravity, and half the muscular force of B, who is but a cu-



rate, so that the leap which amuses the last would crush the first, A could scarcely be thought a gainer by the scheme."

"Before I can admit that the scheme of the precipice is an exact parallel to that of the pistol," answered G. "you must prove that the consciousness of a good cause would not steady the hand of A, so as to give him a manifest superiority."

"Consciousness of having a right cause might indeed," said M. "string his nerves; but doubt about the means he was employing to maintain it, would unstring them. Besides, if B were a hackneyed shooter, practice would give him more firmness than right would give to A. Nor is it probable that any consciousness of wrong would paralyze his arm, because it is a principle of every body in O. always to feel itself most at ease, when, in fact, it is most guilty."

"I see," said Gustavus, "the conclusion to which you would come."

"Undoubtedly," answered M. "if our definition of idiotism be accurate, these men are as much idiots as a slobbered chin, an acre of face, and saucer eyes could make them. Having bodies, and knowing they have them, they act as though they had none. In order to obtain reparation for one wound, they only expose themselves to another."

"If, however," said Gustavus, "you will not allow the injured individual to gain any reparation by calling out his antagonist, you must admit *the state* rejoices in, and is *benefited by the chastisement* of a delinquent whom her *laws could not reach*."

"By no means. In O. the laws provide a court of honour, which is not employed, only because her people think gunpowder a better measure of rights than precedents. The state, therefore, in this case, scarcely needs any assistance. But again, she rejects this particular assistance, by enacting laws against it."

"Why does she this?"

"Because she is ill satisfied, that *two* of her citizens shall be exposed for an offence which only *one* can have committed; that *life* should be endangered for an offence, which, perhaps, scarcely merited a *frown*; that individuals should snatch the sword of justice from her hands. This last objection is paramount to every other. Admit (which is the principle of duelling) that every one may revenge what he deems his own wrongs, and the fair edifice of society heaves to its foundation; every man's hand would be raised against his brother, and the world would be too narrow for any two of its inhabitants."

"We lovers of society," said Gustavus, "in such a case, must resort to our tailed brethren of the woods, as the only safe associates. But granting this, do you not imagine that much of the delicacy of honour, and courtesy of manner, the bow and grin of O. are owing to this practice of duelling?"

"It has been affirmed, but I question it. In the first place, if it were true, this influence is of little importance, as it *extends to few*, and those only of the higher classes, whom other circumstances would tend to polish. Again, duelling has a tendency to barbarize states, by substituting brute courage for every other virtue."



"Why, I must confess myself," said Gustavus, "to have so far quitted the hair and claw principles of my ancestors, that I should not be exactly satisfied with the virtue of a man who had used false dice, stabbed my reputation, or seduced my daughter, by his telling me—'Sir, I carry pistols.'"

"But to proceed," said M. "If duelling contributed to refine a people, its *march* would be *hand in hand with their civilization*: whereas it cannot be questioned, that the science of quarelling is now less studied, the grounds of contention less multiplied, and duels less abundant in O. than two centuries since; when every sigh of her princesses was tainted with Geneva, and each maid of honour had a court allowance of beef and brown stout for her breakfast. This is not all. Duelling is to be considered as a *penalty* to which *any man* is subject who *wounds the honour* of another. It therefore *supposes* that delicacy of mind which you say it *creates*; for without this, the offence would not have been felt, and therefore the penalty not incurred. Judges and hangmen *enforce* laws, but they do not *make them*: in like manner duelling may *enforce* the laws of good-breeding, but it cannot *make them*."

"But still," said G. "you allow that duelling *diminishes the number of offences* which one man of O. would commit against another."

"It is to be doubted. By giving them an apparent method of vindicating their rights, it makes them more absurdly jealous of them; and they guard their dogs from insult with as much anxiety as their persons. Besides, as amongst Christians, those who abstain from crimes rather on account of their consequences, than from a hatred

towards the crimes themselves, acquire dishonorable and mercenary views of religion : so those shapes of O. who do not insult other shapes of O. only because they must afterwards fight them, are likely to acquire very unsound and distorted views of benevolence."

"But perhaps," said G. "I have considered duelling upon improper grounds—the men of O. do not seek reparation from it."

"You are right," answered M. "Even *they* are not generally so absurd. Nor whatever Monboddo's theory may give you reason to suspect is *revenge*, which, as lord Bacon says, is '*wild justice*'—the justice of *monkies*—always their object; but it is the good opinion of their fellows which they thus hunt, 'even in the cannon's mouth.'"

"Is there no test," said G. "but being bullet-proof, to which characters could be brought?"

"The best expedient," replied M. "which could be employed, were, for the laws to give every aggrieved person a power of summoning a fixed number of unbiassed persons to decide upon his case, and to award the compensation which would best repair his wrongs. My honour is blemished by you; but it is not in the power of gunpowder to restore it; for if it give me the reputation of courage, it cannot, perhaps, do away the imputation you have thrown upon me. But persons selected from the public, would represent the public; their voice would be the voice of the community; and their opinion would decide a case, which, in general, is *only matter of opinion*. If, however, these *people had souls*, you see that no avarice of the applause of others could arm them with pistols."



"No," answered Gustavus, "for they could never balance any opinion which could be wrong against that of God, which must be right. For such beings to fight, were to brave God through fear of man."

"These, therefore," said M. "are the most *criminal*; but can any thing be so *absurd* as the duellist of O? He who must know, that the *good opinion* of the 'connecting links,' his countrymen, is scarcely more valuable than the grin and chatter of monkies, will stake his *life* to procure it. He who glories in his *vices*, would purchase *reputation* by his blood."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR travellers had now almost exhausted the treasures of O. for subjects of wonder, or for confirmation of their theory. But there is something in the contemplation of folly and vice, which will sadden the mind. If men loved them less, they would feel them more. Gustavus gave them successively a tear or a frown, as pity or disgust prevailed in his bosom. In addition to this—as the mountain flood, though it root up the tender plant, brings fresh nourishment to the kings of the forest—*absence*, which would have starved a weak affection, had strengthened a strong one, and Gustavus was ten times more the slave of Emily than before.

M. found him with these verses in his hand :

'Tis *memory* says, that round thine eye  
The soul's sweet children, circling fly  
A thousand speaking rays ;  
Like as when round the pointed lance,  
In harmless eye-deceiving dance,  
The summer lightning idly plays.

And *memory* says, that on thy brow  
Is pencil'd some such peaceful bow  
As oft bestrides the sky ;  
Prophetic too, it seems to swear,  
Like this, that no pernicious tear  
Shall ever dim thy pale blue eye.

I see thee, as the moon's pale beam  
Silvers the scarcely heaving stream,  
Count the slow waves which sullen break ;



Or steal along the checker'd isle,  
While meek Devotion's sainted smile  
Sits calmly on thine angel cheek.

'Tis memory paints the infant band,  
The anguish'd look, the beggar'd hand,  
Who court thy listening eye;  
But never paints that eye severe,  
To frown on wo, or chide the tear  
Of helpless, hopeless misery.

By why are these but *memory's* themes,  
Of joys expir'd, but lingering dreams,  
The ghosts of what were mine?  
In each low bell that strikes mine ear,  
A mournful voice I seem to hear,  
"Those joys no more are thine."

But yield me to my native oaks,  
To laughing vallies bleach'd with flocks,  
To nature's ribs of stone;  
Another touch shall wake the string,  
And sweetly Emily shall sing,  
"Those joys are thine alone."

"I once remarked," said M. "that it was not *only sorrow* which made a poet. But let me add, that poetry has some obligations to you, for not prostituting it to any base employments. Love, when it borrows the aid of numbers, sometimes tells its story in terms which Mahomet would not absolutely condemn."

"Although," said G. "it were not told by a *woman*."

"We are not, however," continued M. "to consider religion as a very dragon at the door of this garden of sweets: it is meant not to destroy

love, but to chastise it. And the action of love is reciprocal : it will not wound religion, but will adorn it."

"If," said Gustavus, "my poetry had taken a more questionable shape, you ought not to have wondered at it; for who can breathe the air of O. for sixty days, and not be corrupted by it? Who knows, indeed, but with a longer stay, I may become a subject from which future Monboddos may maintain the theory of their ancestors?"

"Do you then desire to go?"

"Ah! yield me," he answered, "to my native oaks,

"To laughing vallies bleach'd——"

"We we will go," said M. "to-morrow. St. Foy has not your heart more entirely than it has mine."



## CHAPTER XIX.

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IF I marry Gustavus and Emily, it will be objected to me that it is incredible, a tale of truth like mine should tread the turnpike road which has been beaten by the hoofs of every hero and heroine of a novel. But it is to be observed, that Nature will sometimes clash with the novelist, whatever industry the latter may employ to keep her at a distance; and if we study the map of life, we shall find, that except in O. those who woo, in spite of taste, will marry. I confess, indeed, that nature furnishes no other example of so bright a career ending in so dull an achievement.

But if my summoning a priest to wind up the thread of this eventful history, bring my originality under suspicion, I am about to take a flight, which will convince my reader I am not winged with plumes from any vulgar flock. I request those who have followed me thus far, at once to quit every thought of the voyage, the meeting, and the altar; and to hurry onward with me to that point in the vale of life, where Gustavus and Emily found themselves after some years.

I have seen this little circle; and if I had not known their merits, should have almost murmured at the lot which Heaven had dealt them.—“Man is *born* to sorrow as the sparks fly upward.”—True; but though nursed in clouds, and cradled in the storm, this *child* of wo may know a *manhood* of happiness. The hand which waked the storm can hush it. I do not, however, say, that the visitations of sorrow were not felt by them; but sorrow seemed, for them, to be em-

ployed by Him who sends it, upon a new and milder errand. It met them, indeed, in tears, but without a frown; and was meant therefore not to chastise, but to improve them. I know no man who like M., could thus sanctify misfortune. "There are," he would say, "trees which we bruise to obtain a balsam;—the wound is here inflicted—it is ours to extract the medicine. —Gustavus and Emily were, indeed, less schooled in affliction than their aged friends;—but if less able to disarm it, they were also little liable to its attack. It is cheated desires which tear the heart; but they had few desires.—The insect feels in every thread of her web, and bleeds in a thousand distant pores. It is thus with those who fasten to the world, and link their fortunes to the multitude. But St. Foy was the whole world to Gustavus and Emily.

Let it not be thought that the inhabitants of a mountain must of necessity be idle; for, if so, they must be miserable. The mind that is hungry of duties, will find them every where. The circle, indeed, is small, but he runs the whole of it—the sphere of example is narrow, but he shines through every point of it—and in a single subject of woe, he finds employment for a charity wide as the world he treads on, and active as the air he breathes.

But Fortune now undertook herself to teach the lesson in which M. was beginning to instruct Gustavus—that those who have powers fitted to the discharge of public duties, must not shrink from them to the shades of oaks and the felicities of solitude. That calm sunshine which had settled on the rocks of Switzerland, was not to last forever. One of those fiery spirits which Heav-



en lets loose to scourge mankind, had marked her for his prey. Could the natives of these rocks, free as the winds which roar around them, tamely crouch to the destroyer?—It needs a sterner heart than mine, to watch the sword as it fleshes itself with human victims; to count the groans of the wounded, or the shouts of victory—and it needs a more ambitious pen to record them. I snatch, however, one wreath from the hand of the historian to bind it on brows which will adorn it. Gustavus taught the invaders, that the best Christian is ever the best patriot; and St. Foy wrote in blood the solemn truth, that there is no rampart like the breasts of a free people.

## NOTES.

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### NOTE A, PAGE 74.

THIS, and some other affirmations that follow, may appear so questionable to those who are not well acquainted with this subject, that it has been thought necessary to produce some of the authorities on which they are founded. The important facts belonging to this traffic, may be found clearly and ably stated in a pamphlet, entitled the "State of the Question,"—printed for Hatchard, Piccadilly.

### NOTE B, PAGE 75.

THE capital employed in the slave trade does not, at the utmost, amount to more than one million one hundred twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, "which is not one thirty-fourth part of the average capital employed in the exports of the country." State of the Question, page 34, third edition.

### NOTE C, PAGE 75.

"THE profits of the negro traffic are universally allowed to be extremely uncertain. But the returns, even in the most advantageous transactions, are more *slow* than those of the most distant branches of foreign trade. The slave trade,



therefore, draws that part of the national capital which it employs, to the occupation of all others most uncertain, and productive of most remote benefits. The other branches of our traffic are infinitely more sure, and possess the advantage, most of all conducive to the public good, that of much quicker returns." State of the Question, page 34. To this might be added, that the capital employed in the Jamaica trade does not, in its average profits, produce more than four per cent. Jam. Report for 1805.

#### NOTE D, PAGE 75.

THESE facts are unquestionable: 1. That the African trade does not employ one sixtieth part of our tonnage. 2. That it does not employ one twenty-third part of our seamen. 3. That the average foreign trade of Great Britain employs more tonnage in the proportion of 50 to 30 according to the capital employed, than the slave trade. 4. That the mortality of seamen employed in the African commerce is greater in the proportion of 8 to 1 than that in the direct West India trade; which, next to the slave trade, is the most unwholesome in the universe. And yet this trade is the *nursery* of the British navy. Vide State of the Question, page 39, 40, &c.; Report of the committee, 1789: Clarkson's letters, part II.

#### NOTE E, PAGE 75.

It is plain, from the consideration of the return of deaths, births and importations, in the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c. that there is in all an excess of births above the deaths at this present moment; so that if the trade were to

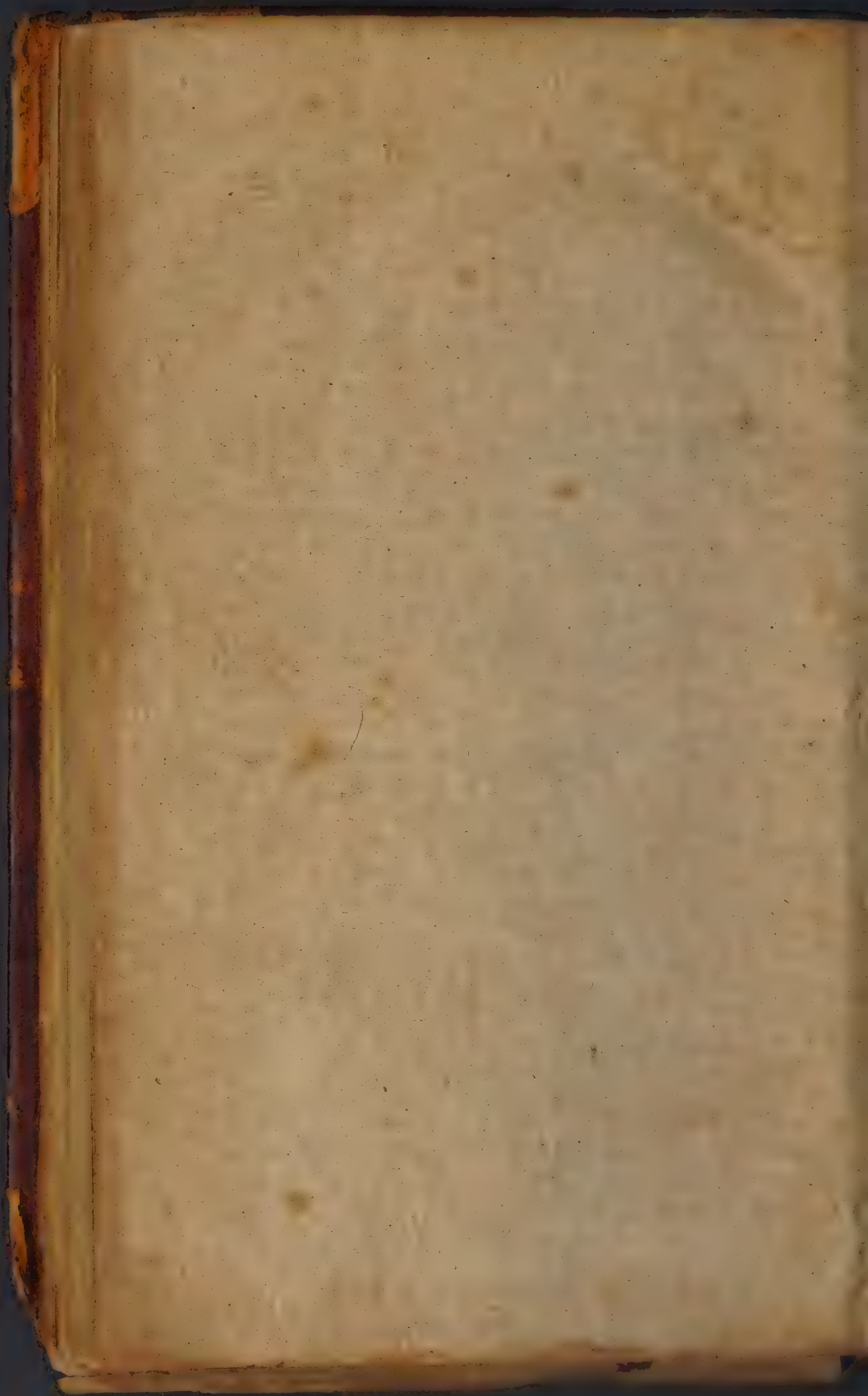
cease immediately, the stock of the islands would not only maintain itself, but increase. How much greater would be the increase, if the proportion of females were greater to that of males, (which would soon be the case if no fresh importations took place;) and if, by an inability to purchase, it should become the interest of the planters to breed!

“Some islands, even now, are well known to require no supply whatever, and to trust entirely to the natural means of increasing their stock.”  
Vide State of the Question, page 44, 46.

THE END.



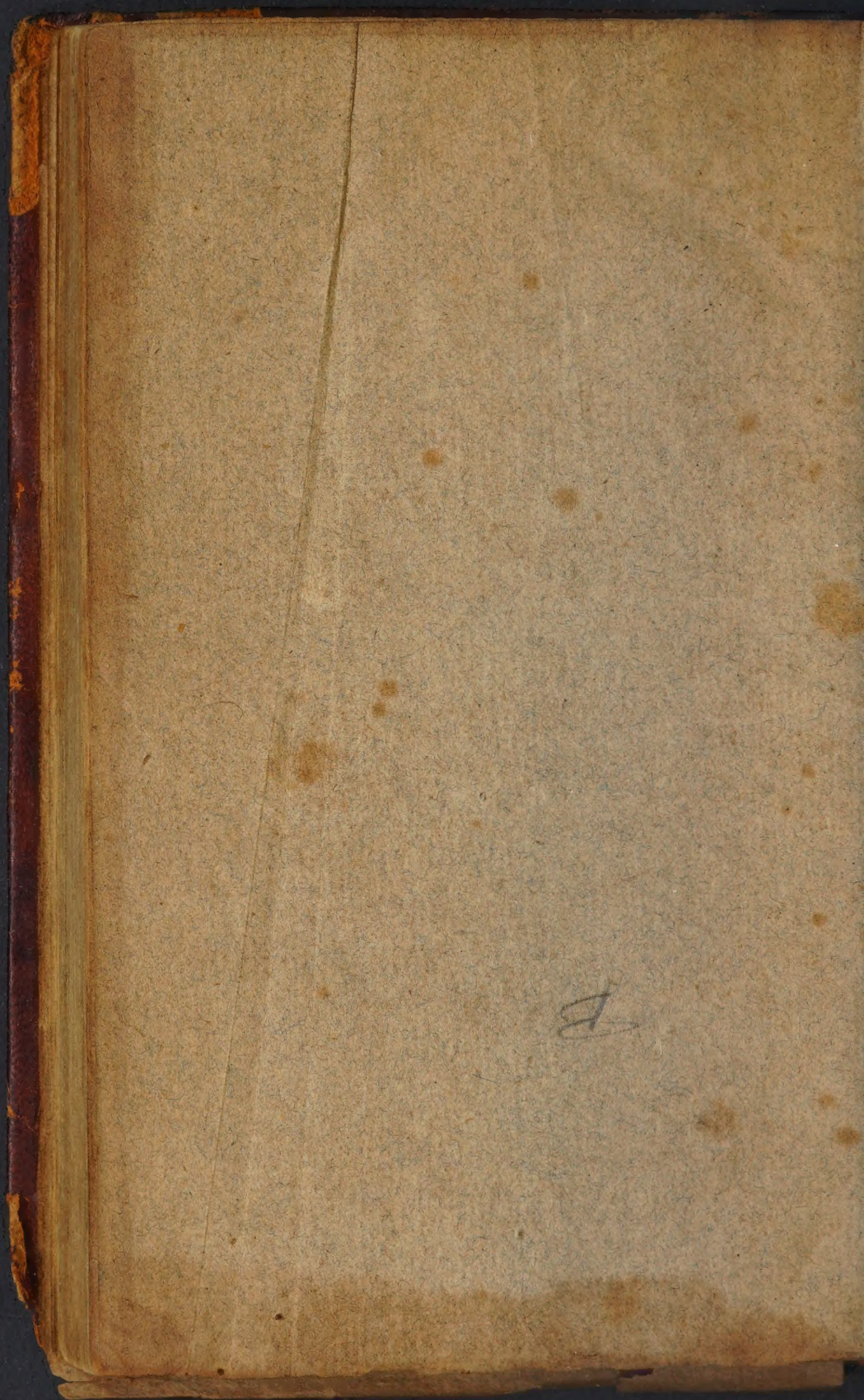














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